

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

"WAYFARER" writes:—"Two great instruments are building up, with the incessant and minute labor of the coral insect, their barriers against the free flow of European life and industry. The first is the French army, the second the Quai d'Orsay. Every day the reef they are constructing grows higher, and more unbreakable; and the energy of the architects more intense. What does astonish one is that the most palpable of these injuries, such as the villainous murder of the workers of Essen, rouses so little indignation among the organized laborers of Europe. Surely there should have been a dramatic and simultaneous protest from Petrograd to Pittsburg, in the shape, say, of an hour's abstention from work. Military force never offered grosser affront to the rights of Labor; and one cannot help adding that if our own Labor Party thought a little less of its economic dogmas and a little more of its more immediate purpose, which is the rescue of Europe from the savage spirit which curses and ravages her, it would take deeper root than it does in the hopes and the moral consciousness of the nation. For the moment Nationalism is the enemy, with French Nationalism as its worst embodiment. Let it be fought by every weapon that reason and organization can bring into the field."

In France itself disillusionment is slowly growing. The correspondents, for example, of both "Le Journal" and "L'Information" in the occupied area declare in the plainest terms that nothing has come and nothing will come of France's attempts either to compel the Germans to produce coal for them or to produce it themselves instead. But there is no obvious sign of any change of Government policy—if any settled policy can be said to exist. Security plans and Reparation plans still fill the daily papers; one of the most interesting and the least impracticable, that of M. Barniche of the Solvay Institute at Brussels, having for its main feature the raising by Germany on Reparation account of a loan of 1½ milliard marks per annum for the next five years, at the end of which period permanent arrangements for the balance are to be concluded. But such paper discussion remains academic, and no progress is being registered anywhere, unless it is by the Allied and German Socialists, who are systematically maturing

a scheme, or in the mind of M. Louis Loucheur, whose visits to Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George are sufficient commentary on the reports that he is visiting this country solely for recreation. M. Loucheur is M. Poincaré's most probable successor, and his advent to power would kindle the first hope of a reasonable settlement. But there are no clear signs of a vacancy in the Premiership as yet.

THE resumption of the Lausanne Conference is now in sight. The Turks have naturally enough accepted with guarded alacrity the proposals embodied in the Allies' singularly moderate Note, and the old discussions are to be reopened on or about the 16th of this month. The most interesting proposal put forward by the Allies is that negotiations be opened on concessions and other business matters direct between individual Allied nationals and the Angora Government. (It may be observed that this resembles closely the proposal advanced last June during the Russian discussions at The Hague by M. Litvinoff, and rejected as unacceptable in this case by Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame and his Allied colleagues.) Both British and French concessionaires are conferring on the matter, and the door seems to be well open for a scramble profitable only to the Turk. But, generally speaking, the prospects of peace are now tolerably bright, for the extremists, having failed at Angora to frustrate a resumption of discussion, are unlikely now to re-establish an ascendancy they for a moment seemed to hold.

INTERNAL politics may none the less still play their part in the settlement. Mustapha Kemal has sprung a surprise on Angora as well as on the outside world by his resolve to proceed at once to new elections. The Assembly is to be reduced in numbers, and when it meets again two months or more hence, the calculation is that the predominance of the moderate element will be accentuated. But even that restrained prediction is a little rash. The conditions under which the election is held may go far to determine its result. The murder of the Opposition leader Chukri Bey by Osman Agha, one of Mustapha Kemal's more irresponsible followers, is a sinister prelude. The assassin, however, has himself been killed after a sharp fight, in which his retinue lost heavily, and his death is held to have evened matters up. The Angora Constitution, under which there is no Cabinet responsibility, every Minister being directly answerable to the Assembly, and in no way prejudicing his colleagues by his acts, is a curiosity that can hardly long survive. But before it considers the desirability of constitutional change, the new Assembly will be called on, unless the hopes of final agreement at Lausanne are disappointed, to ratify the Treaty with the Allied Powers. After that, Turkey's affairs will be a matter of more restricted interest.

ARCHBISHOP CZEPLIAK and Monsignor Budkiewicz, one of the other priests placed on trial in Moscow, have been condemned to death on what is, in effect, a charge of high treason. In the case of the latter the death sentence has been duly carried out. The sentence on the Archbishop, on the other hand, has been commuted by the Soviet Government to one of ten years' solitary confinement, a fate which, for a man

of over seventy, may be regarded as rather worse than immediate execution. The facts regarding the trial must be dispassionately faced. If the charges of treasonable agitation against the State have been convincingly proved, *and only in that case*, the Soviet Government is perfectly justified in claiming that a priest is entitled to no more mercy than a railwayman or an engineer, and the death of these in thousands has left the non-Russian world inarticulate if not indifferent. The Russians have as much right to impose the full penalty as we had in the case of Casement—and as little. It is the logic of the barbarian mind, of course. It is reported that the Soviet Government is deliberately persecuting religious organizations. We prefer to wait for further evidence. There have been several Russian myths. The Orthodox Metropolitan Benjamin of Petrograd was condemned to death last year, it is true, and no one knows whether he is alive to-day or not. The Orthodox Patriarch Tikhon is still in prison awaiting trial. Bucharin, editor of the Moscow "Pravda," declares roundly that "religion and Communism are incompatible both theoretically and practically." M. Tchitcherin is, we suppose, strictly within his rights in repudiating foreign attempts at intervention, particularly as the Russian Government is a pariah. What would the United States say to a Soviet Note regarding Debs? The whole affair, however, must unhappily tend to postpone still further the day when Russia will be welcomed back without reserve into the family of nations.

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We are glad to see that the different bodies of teachers who have been holding meetings in the last week have made the most vigorous protests against the starving of education. Perhaps the best thing that was said at these meetings was the remark by a Cheshire teacher: "There are some people so constituted that if they could abolish the Devil for a twopenny rate, they would compromise for a temporary modification of his activities at a penny rate and call it economy." At the meeting of the members and local officials of education committees, Mr. Spurley Hey, the Director of Education at Manchester, put the position admirably: "The Board had almost certainly ceased to be the active and authoritative central authority for education, and now occupied the rôle of a medium for the conveyance to local authorities of Treasury decisions, while the Treasury exercised the main functions of the Board and had apparently assumed the right to place their own interpretation on the Education Act." Teachers and local authorities ought to put all the pressure they can on Members of Parliament to counteract the steady pressure of Big Business.

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THE men's leaders in the Norfolk strike have corrected their mistake of last week, and they have allowed men to continue at work on farms where the wages have not been reduced. This is a wise action. Unfortunately, the temper of the quarrel is becoming fiercer, and there have been acts of violence towards men who are working, and towards blacklegs imported from other counties. A body of a hundred strikers marched, on Tuesday, to the Wicklow Wood Workhouse, and said that unless the strike was settled they would all come into the workhouse, as they could not live under existing conditions. This is the plain truth, and great pressure will be brought on both sides by local authorities. The Government ought at once to take action and to restore the Wages Board.

THE campaign against non-union men in the South Wales coalfield reached another stage this week, when a strike of the Rhondda Valley men was announced. Some weeks ago a stoppage in the Glamorganshire district had the effect of bringing many backsliders into the Miners' Federation, but the problem is more difficult in Rhondda, where the Mechanical Workers' Union, a body of mine craftsmen whose allegiance is demanded by the Miners' Federation, is fighting strenuously to maintain its independent existence. When the miners were asked to give notice a fortnight ago that they would refuse to work with non-union men—the craftsmen referred to being regarded as non-union men for this purpose—fewer than half the men actually handed in notices. The stoppage of the pits for the Easter holidays obscured the strike situation, but many miners were disinclined to come out. The campaign has had the effect generally of making good a great part of the heavy loss in membership suffered by the Federation after the defeat in 1921. Its compelling force is derived from the growing belief that nothing short of aggressive action in the near future will bring an improvement in wages in this coalfield, and the membership effort is the first step in preparation for the expected struggle.

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THE decision of the building trade employers to post notices to enforce the compromise wage reduction and to revive the suspended demand for an addition of three hours to the summer working week—from 44 to 47 hours—has made it extremely difficult to avoid a conflict in this industry. The notices do not take effect until the middle of the month, and in the interval both sides are preparing for a stoppage. The Ministry of Labor states that it is keeping in close touch with the situation, but its first approaches to the combatants do not seem to have encouraged open and direct intervention. Some accommodation might have been possible on wages alone, although the ballot vote on this matter was decisively against reduction; but the renewal of the demand for an extension of hours has roused the opposition of all sections of Labor. The allegation made by the operatives that the employers are breaking the Joint Wages Council agreement is important. The employers submit a vague and unsatisfactory argument in denial of the charge. If words have any definite meaning, the agreement lays it down clearly that the cost-of-living basis of adjusting wages can only be departed from by consent of both sides on the Council, and that, failing consent, if either party desires to insist on such departure there must be withdrawal from the Council in accordance with a clear and definite rule that six months' notice is to be given, to expire at the annual meeting in March. The employers avoid any reference to this rule.

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THERE was a remarkable contrast between the optimistic and buoyant spirit manifested at the Independent Labor Party Conference in London this week and the mild depression and uncertainty which pervaded the Nottingham Conference last year. The state of affairs at that time seemed to support the suggestion that the Party was approaching the end of its mission as the advance guard of Socialism in the Labor movement, and that the growing power and influence of the Labor Party—the giant child of the I.L.P.—left little scope for further development. The General Election has transformed the outlook. The surprising victories which sent thirty-two out of fifty-five candidates to Westminster, the subsequent successful propaganda campaign in the trade union centres, the opening of many new branches, and a substantial increase in membership and funds have



combined to revive the old missionary fervor. The Conference debates showed, however, that it is the old zeal influenced by the modern outlook and events.

THERE was less vague talk along general lines about Socialism as something that can be established by mere legislation, and more about the enormous obstacles in the way of even evolutionary measures of reform. Proposals for sweeping changes were scrutinized carefully, and delegates did not hesitate to criticize vigorously. The I.L.P. does not attempt to suppress or hide its difficulties, and the present tendency is to try to work out practical policies by the free and full expression of diverse views. This was particularly noticeable in the discussions on socialization of the land, on the drink question, and on the relationship between independence of thought and party discipline when Labor comes to govern. Only on the drink question did the Conference declare a decision. The vote went for public ownership and control, but the Scottish delegates, with some help from the South, wielded a strong minority vote for prohibition. On land and party discipline—with an accompanying proposal to substitute committee control of Government departments for autocratic Cabinet rule—the Conference was so divided that both questions were remitted to the Administrative Council for consideration.

THE release of Zaghoul Pasha from his internment at Gibraltar represents a welcome if belated act of political wisdom on the part of the British Government. While the state of the Egyptian leader's health is given as the main reason for the Government's change of front, the step has been taken at a moment when events in Egypt had made it all but inevitable, unless the whole of last year's hopes were to be openly abandoned. The effect in Egypt itself is already salutary, and though the new Premier, Yehia Ibrahim, had as little to do with the release of Zaghoul as the British Members of Parliament whose weighty letter appeared a day or two before the release was announced, but a day or two after it had been ordered, he will be singularly lacking in political astuteness if he fails to use the new turn of events to serve his ends. Those ends are, so far as can be seen, such as make for the good of Egypt. The offending and indefensible clauses on the Sudan have been removed from the Draft Constitution, and there is no reason why Lord Allenby should take exception to any part of it as it stands. The next business of the Egyptian Government is to pass the law of indemnity, which can be done by mere proclamation, after which, coincidentally with the promulgation and adoption of the Constitution, martial law will be withdrawn. Zaghoul will then be free to return to Egypt unless the Egyptian Government itself prevents him. As he is unlikely to contemplate returning during the hot weather in any case, it may be hoped a further contest of wills between his supporters and Lord Allenby will be avoided.

LORD READING has taken the grave step of certifying the salt-tax and thus bringing it into force in face of an adverse vote of the Legislative Assembly. The weighty statement he issued in explanation of his decision makes it clear that he acted only after full deliberation, holding that no other means existed of balancing the Budget, and that unbalanced Budgets involved greater dangers to the future of India than any other constitutional or political issue. That there is force in this contention is undeniable, and the reluctance of the Assembly to impose an unpopular tax on the eve of the elections no doubt argues some lack of a sense of responsibility; but to such defects Parliaments far older and more firmly rooted

than the Legislative Assembly at Delhi are no strangers. As it is, the Viceroy's action has manifestly strengthened those elements in India whose main purpose it is to impair the efficiency, and if possible completely obstruct the work, of the new Assembly to be elected in the autumn. Constitutionally, India is at the most critical point of transition, and future developments must be viewed with the utmost anxiety till the moment comes when full control over all expenditure, military as well as civil, can be entrusted to an elected Indian legislature. Whether Lord Reading's action has hastened constitutional progress towards that necessary end is doubtful.

M. STAMBULISKY has got his former political opponents condemned *en bloc*, and they have gone off to prison with the knowledge that all their property the Government can lay its hands on will be confiscated as contribution towards Bulgaria's substantially reduced Reparation payments. There are, of course, the usual charges that the bench was packed, and there seems some reason to suppose it was. The Bulgarian Premier is in a tightish place politically, and he could take no chances of the failure of his long-deferred master-stroke. Now, he has formally established before the world his claim that Bulgaria was deluded by flagitious leaders into her war alliance with Germany, and M. Poincaré has duly and appropriately wired congratulations on the result of the Sofia trial. The condemned Ministers, thus sentenced for having taken Bulgaria into war on what turned out to be the wrong side for them, have at any rate escaped the fate assigned by Greece to her former leaders under circumstances sufficiently similar to give the accused just ground for apprehension. But the punishment is heavy enough. Radoslavoff, the former Prime Minister, who is awarded imprisonment for life, is in safe asylum abroad, but Jekoff, the Commander-in-Chief, came home voluntarily to stand his trial, and gets ten years for recompense. Five of Radoslavoff's colleagues go to prison for life, one for fifteen years, four for ten, and one for five.

AN Irish correspondent writes:—

"At midnight on last Saturday the Revenue officers of the Irish Free State took up their duties at the Irish ports and along the new land frontier of 225 miles. Henceforward all dutiable commodities must be declared on entering the Free State. A new language in official use, the flurry of a new Customs barrier at the port of Dun Laoghaire, *ci-devant* Kingstown, will convince the traveller of the separate identity of the country he visits; but for the moment, to the native, these outward fiscal signs of independent housekeeping reveal as well an unpleasing side. They do not represent a deliberate Irish fiscal policy. The foundations of such a policy are not yet clearly ascertainable, and will not be until normal revenue and expenditure are known and until normal trade conditions have operated over a period of peace. The new frontier and tariffs are the automatic result of the exit of Ireland from the United Kingdom's fiscal system, and its assumption for the time being of a position analogous to that of a Dominion in a system of imperial preference. The transfer has been smoothly effected by the Irish Government, but not so smoothly as not to jolt the torpid and unwatchful Irish Chambers of Commerce into surprised exclamations of protest. The tariff list, for a nominally Free Trade country, is sufficiently formidable, containing some thousands of dutiable articles. Many imported manufactured articles in common use will cost the Irish purchaser more. There should be a boom in the Ford motor-works in Cork, which at the moment is mainly concerned with the output of agricultural machines. Under the new dispensation a Ford car should sell at less than a hundred pounds, while an imported English manufactured car is subject to an *ad valorem* increase of one-third. The Irish tobacco manufacturers similarly will have an advantage of 2s. 6d. per lb., while the imported manufactured article will have to pay the full duty of 12s. 7d."

## Politics and Affairs.

### A BLACK THREE MONTHS.

THE Ruhr adventure has now lasted just three months. So far as the search for Reparations goes, it has long since been advertised to the world as an unrelieved and catastrophic failure. The material result of the French invasion is to impoverish the world (and most notably France herself, Germany, and Italy) of coal. The British coal trade has temporarily benefited, but other branches of British industry suffer from the rise in coal prices due to the excess of demand over diminished supply.

Add to that a growing debt in France and a steadily rising tide of hatred in Germany, and the tale of the Ruhr adventure's fruits begins to be complete. But that brief summary of results takes no account of the main factors in the issue, chief among them the bankruptcy of French and the impotence of British statesmanship, and the demonstrated elimination of world opinion as an effective force. As things are, it is more to the point to pursue the thankless task of searching still for some way of escape from the tragedy that may to-morrow break with full force on Europe. In the past week a barbarous event, which throws eternal disgrace on the French nation, has occurred at Essen. Eleven Germans were killed in a wholly unprovoked attack by a panic-stricken French detachment. At any moment, as the French generals know well, and as some of them have openly admitted, the Armies of Occupation could be all but annihilated by a general rising of the population if the miners and steelworkers of the Ruhr yielded to the almost irresistible temptation to meet with some more violent weapon than passive resistance the indignities and illegalities to which they are daily subject.

But the plan of passive resistance still holds the field, and so far it has stood Germany in good stead. France has depended on tanks and machine-guns to impose her will, and after three months she is as far from imposing it as ever. All M. Poincaré has achieved is to stop the machinery of Europe's greatest and most complex industrial area, and to convert it into a potential volcano which may blow up and destroy the organized communities of a continent. This deliberate lunacy exceeds in evil intent all the excesses of the war. The very fact that his policy has so completely failed has made it impossible—to the logic of the Latin mind—for him to vary it; but he has at least abandoned the pretence of its "complete success." He has gone into the Ruhr for the impossible, and he must stay there just because the impossible remains the impossible. At Brussels, it is true, his Belgian Allies forced him to proclaim the gradual evacuation of the Ruhr as Germany met her obligations, but his subsequent assertion that France would remain at Essen till the "final discharge" of Germany's debt casts a sinister light on the earlier declaration. If Germany's debt is to remain at the fantastic sum of £6,600,000,000 at which it is still assessed, the tricolor will fly at Essen, so argues the French mind, as long as it flies in Paris; but life has never thus submitted to the moulds of logical doctrinaires.

Dr. Cuno, like M. Poincaré, is also drifting on a tide of profound mass emotions which to an extent he may excite or calm, but which is quite beyond his control. Under all the circumstances the Chancellor has done well. It is no fault of his that the Nationalist movement is growing in magnitude and in menace every day. The undivided credit for that achievement is M. Poincaré's. But the very moves the German Govern-

ment might be disposed to make in the direction of negotiation are precisely the moves which a public opinion the Government has found it necessary to kindle will be resolute to veto.

As it is, the German Cabinet has indeed gone far. Dr. Rosenberg's offer, conveyed informally to the British and American Governments, to submit the question of Germany's capacity for payment to any international tribunal on which France and Germany were represented on equal terms, concedes everything it is either just or politic to demand. But to M. Poincaré, committed to a policy as rigid and regular as cast-iron railings, considerations of justice or sound policy are unfriendly and provocative. He has said he will make Germany pay by occupying the Ruhr, and the bigoted and narrow mind with which Europe is cursed is incapable of confessing to any error. He must maintain the occupation because he has insisted this is the way to Reparations, and Germany must submit to it because she cannot pay the Reparations that will buy a French withdrawal.

Thus to state the dilemma does more than justice to the French Prime Minister, in that it attributes to him a motive sincere and single, if stupid. In point of fact, he has had already to shift his ground completely. First of all he was going into the Ruhr to compel the Germans to pay. Then he was staying there to help himself to payment. Now he is there because there is no way out without a confession of failure.

In the face of that disastrous incapacity of initiative on either side our own Government displays an impotence as contemptible as M. Poincaré's sabrerattling, and measurably less creditable than the sullen German endurance of provocation and suffering. The debate in the House of Commons the day before the Easter adjournment was the most humiliating and depressing of the half-dozen similar discussions in which the House has engaged since the Ruhr adventure opened. Here, no less than in France and Germany, intelligence is impotent. The French official mind is frustrated, but can devise no reasonable alternative; Dr. Cuno cannot move because a policy of passive resistance should be passive; Mr. Bonar Law cannot act because he determined in January he would stand by and let France have her chance, and he is incapable of realizing that France's demonstrated failure has affected a policy framed under conditions wholly different.

Where, then, after three black months, is there any hope? Not, apparently, in the League of Nations, for the League is, after all, only the nations leagued; and if the nations individually will not venture to withstand the drift of Europe towards the abyss, it is too much to assume that association will equip them with the courage of the crowd. Hardly, either, is there hope, except as a first step, in German initiative, for no offer the German Government could possibly make in good faith would satisfy the conditions M. Poincaré has laid down. The only reinforcement in such a case would be from world opinion, backed by vigorous diplomatic representations in complete and radical antithesis to the pitiful aphasia of the British Cabinet. Of the slow emergence of such a world opinion there are dawning signs. Italy is making no secret of her profound distrust of French policy in the Ruhr. Even Walloon Belgium is now a dragging and doubting ally, following sullenly in France's wake, and an inarticulate Flemish Belgium, of which nothing is heard and little realized in London, is solidly anti-French on the present issue, as on most. America, as the speeches of Mr. Hughes have shown, is ready to take some part—though, unfortunately, only the ambiguous, unofficial part to which Mr. Harding's past protestations condemn him—in any reasonable



scheme of assessment and settlement. And here, apart from the sentimentalists at both extremes, opinion is solidifying more and more in favor of any plan that will enable the mechanism of European economic life to get running once more and to keep on running undisturbed.

What is most conspicuously lacking is the means of concentrating opinion in the different countries. Given any honest will to a settlement, the details of the settlement present by comparison little difficulty. France is talking of security no less volubly than of Reparations. If she wants security honestly and with no *arrière-pensée*, she can have it for the asking, not indeed in the form of an exclusive Anglo-French pact, but as part of a wider agreement which would secure her the guarantee not of one State only, but of many; though France must remember that there can be no security for people who cherish ill-will and mean fears. As for Reparations, everyone knows that France would accept with thinly disguised alacrity her share of a total of fifty milliards, and most people still believe that, given reasonable conditions, Germany could in time pay forty. With Allied debt cancellation available as inducement, there is manifest room for an arrangement there.

The outstanding question now is whether the public opinion of the world can organize and express itself effectively. The Socialist parties in the different Allied Parliaments and the Reichstag are making a wholly creditable effort to reach an agreed solution among themselves. In itself that is of very limited importance, but it is by no means impossible that the resultant scheme may—no doubt with modifications—provide the rallying-point so urgently needed at this moment. It is not to be supposed that it will appeal to M. Poincaré, nor, perhaps, to Dr. Cuno and Herr Backer. But there is a France that is not Poincaré, and though France may for three months resist an incoherent and half-articulate world-view vaguely calling for settlement in the abstract, when that view is fixed she must bend to it, or she will break.

### TURNING OUT THE LIGHT.

ENGLAND to-day is deciding what England shall be to-morrow. All nations started after the war on a new career, fortified or demoralized by its experiences, faced with the task of overtaking all the havoc and loss it had brought upon the world. No nation started under more hopeful conditions than ours. It had all the advantages that victory brings: victory for which it had to thank, not politicians or generals, but the tenacity of the common Englishman or Scotsman or Welshman or Irishman. To gain that victory it had sacrificed its most important resources: its youth. This was the common feature of the war in all countries. In no previous war had so large a proportion of the youth of the nation taken part in fighting or making munitions; the nation's loss in this respect during the twenty years of the great war with France would seem trifling in comparison with its loss in the four years of the great war with Germany. That loss was not measured only on the battlefield or in the hospitals; it could be counted in the numbers of children turned prematurely out of school and drawn into a demoralizing life of employment and irresponsibility. If one thing was clear at the end of the war, it was that a nation's chance of surviving this great catastrophe, of meeting the new dangers and the new struggles of

life, of developing a decent and improving civilization out of the ruin into which the life of the world had been thrown, lay in its power to produce an educated, versatile, self-reliant, and intelligent people in the next generation.

What are we doing in these critical years? The Education Estimates are the answer. We are reducing our expenditure by something like three and a-half millions. We have a Board of Education, and that Department, as Sir John Simon said last week in his vigorous criticism, acts as if, instead of being the guardian of our educational welfare, it was merely an outpost of the Treasury. This Department has been using its influence for the last two or three years, not to make local education authorities improve education, but to make them put it back in its old place of relative unimportance. It bombards these authorities with damping and deterrent circulars. It discourages the payment of proper salaries in primary and secondary schools; it discourages school building; it recommends the use of unqualified teachers. It approves of crowding children into classes in such numbers that, as Mr. Paton has put it, the teacher may drill them, but cannot teach them. Sir John Simon said last week that there are forty thousand classes in elementary schools with more than forty pupils, and thirty thousand with more than fifty. All the improvements that have been made in education by slow and painful progress are treated as unnecessary extravagances. In fact, the Board of Education, from lack of a Minister who can stand up to the Philistines of Big Business, has behaved as if the nation had gone mad on spending money on education, and as if education were a frivolous luxury. The effect in a country like ours, where education has always been regarded as a sort of poor relation, must be disastrous. If the Board of Education puts education in this light, how are local authorities going to look at it?

Observers of this disastrous and disgraceful reaction will note one significant fact. The schools that are used by the richer classes were never so full. There is no evidence that the men who are calling out for stinting education disbelieve in education for their own children. On the contrary. The poorer professional parents who struggle to send their children to the boarding schools are in danger of being shut out, and the schools are crowded with the children of those whom the war has enriched. The campaign against education is not, then, a campaign against education for the rich. It is a campaign against education for the poorer classes. That is to say, the men who clamor for saving on education are people who are clearly satisfied that if you are considering only the good of the child, his prospect of mental and bodily growth, his future health and happiness, it is much better that he should go on being educated after fourteen, that he should be brought up in good, well-built schools with good, large playgrounds, with all the advantages of open air, games, friendships, and some intellectual stimulus. You would not find Sir Eric Geddes or his friends sending their children to a school like that described by Mr. Ede in his excellent speech last week, or those described in the memorandum sent by the Workers' Educational Association to Mr. Wood. One of these schools was condemned several years ago: it was originally a barn, and the average winter temperature is 50 degrees. Another school is so damp that books go mouldy. Another, condemned by nine inspectors, has had the windows broken for two years with paper pasted over the holes; the plaster is peeling off the walls; the gutter spouts are down, and there is mould and rust in the cupboards. In another case, fifty-seven scholars are housed in a room built for

forty-two, and sewage from the school and the caretaker's house discharges into an open ditch two yards from the playground. What would our anti-waste party say if these schools were used by themselves and their friends instead of being used by the children of people whom they never see?

In the early days of the industrial revolution, when everybody was talking about political economy and using that term to justify the remorseless sacrifice of child-life, a famous doctor suggested that there was such a thing as vital economy. If his generation had listened to him the factory districts would have had a different history. Our anti-waste Governments are repeating the errors and the cruelties of that time. They are just like the panic-mongers who were answered by Carlyle in "Past and Present": "What is to become of our cotton trade?" cried certain spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed. "What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade?" The humanity of England answered steadily: "Deliver me those rickety, perishing souls of infants, and let your cotton trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing: not God specially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous cotton traders at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them." The men who are calling for a shilling off the Income Tax and the kind of education that is given in these derelict schools are as mean and shortsighted as the worst of the old employers. They want to go back to something worse than the pre-war standard. That standard was described by the late Mr. C. E. B. Russell in his book on "Social Problems of the North," in which he showed that only one in eleven of the recruits from Manchester in 1899 were found to be fit for the line. The war, so far from being an argument for cutting our Education Estimates fine, is the strongest argument for spending a great deal more on education. If there were such a thing as gratitude in the world, some of these economists might remember that we did not say in the days of conscription, "We cannot take this boy, because we gave him a smattering of education in an insanitary school with mouldy walls, and then chucked him into the world to sell papers or hang on to a van." We said then that the nation could call on all its citizens, however scandalously it had neglected their childhood, however little this or that undeveloped and ill-grown boy had to thank the society in which he had been bred. It may be too much to expect some of the enthusiasts for the policy of starving youth to consider how much they asked from citizens to whom they will give so little. But they might at least remember that the problems before the world are not simpler, but infinitely more complex, as a result of the war, and that the accumulation of capital is no substitute for intelligence and health in a people called upon to resolve those problems. The worst waste in the world is the waste of human power and human character. We have decided to starve the mind of this generation to help to pay the cost of killing off the last.

### TAX REDUCTION OR DEBT REDEMPTION?

QUITE unusual interest will attach to Mr. Baldwin's Budget speech. For the announcement of a realized surplus exceeding £100 millions for the financial year just ended makes the mouth of the taxpayer water with expectation, and business organizations eagerly beset the Chancellor with claims for the abolition of the bad Corporation Duty and another 1s. off the income tax. Now all, except the most ignorant class of our citizens, must be aware that the surplus on

last year's account is not available for tax reduction in the coming year, but has already passed by statutory regulation into the funds for debt redemption, and will be represented in a lightening of interest charges amounting to some £4 millions in the forthcoming Budget.

It is, therefore, with the hopes and expectation of a surplus for the coming year that we are concerned. There are two questions. Is it likely that there will be any considerable surplus? If there is, ought it to go to tax reduction or debt redemption? Now, in dealing with the first question, it is relevant to ask how this big surplus came about. Sir Robert Horne defends himself, not unsuccessfully, against the charges of grave miscalculation. For he can show that his estimate of the revenue, as a whole, was very exact, though the several parts varied very widely from his predictions. One or two of these variations are important in the light they shed on this year's yield. The heavy deficiency in yield of Excess Profits Duty is unlikely to be compensated in the new financial year, but the small yield from the Disposals receipts, a defect of £40 millions, may signify that some considerable sum will be available from a source generally held to be exhausted. The great surprise of the revenue account is, of course, the £50 millions from income and super-tax in excess of estimate. But Sir Robert Horne is right in his main contention that the surplus was due to the large cuts in expenditure which he was not in a position to predict when his estimates were made.

Now, two facts are tolerably obvious in the application of this evidence to the coming Budget. The first is that no considerable surplus is likely to be got from further net reduction of national expenditure. For, though some of the cuts made in the course of the past fiscal year will be more productive this year, any such saving is pretty certain to be offset by the larger payment for the American debt and the provision for increased aircraft, while no appreciable further reductions of civil expenditure can be expected.

Even if, from reduction in internal debt interest and otherwise, some few more millions can be squeezed out of expenditure, the real possibility of a useful surplus must hinge on increased revenue. Now, here the crucial fact is that two bad years instead of one enter the basis for assessment of income tax. Sir Robert Horne reckons a fall of £70 millions to £50 millions in total yield, while there must be some further loss from reduced arrear payments and miscellaneous receipts. Nor must it be forgotten that last year's 1s. reduction on the income tax will cost a good many millions more this year than last.

Bearing all these considerations in mind, we see little likelihood of any substantial surplus in the next Budget, and we are surprised at the optimism which induces some prophets, as, for example, the "Times," to look to the possibility of 40 or 50 millions.

But, assuming that some such surplus be possible, what is the case for applying it to tax reduction as opposed to debt redemption? The advocates of the former lay chief stress upon the favorable influence such a course would have in stimulating industry and employment. High income tax and corporation duty are, according to this argument, responsible for the continuance of bad trade, while a reduction of these taxes would cause an increased flow of productive capital to function in industry and commerce. This argument is, to our mind, entirely fallacious. Production, employment, and trade are languishing to-day, not from any lack of capital, or of any other instrument of production, but from insufficiency of markets due to the aftermath of war. There is in general no lack, but an actual or potential surplus, of plant and working capital for any



business which can market its output. Any new sound business proposition can get at a reasonable rate the capital it requires. The capital of recent well-recommended loans has been heavily over-subscribed. There is no ground whatever for supposing that a further remission of income tax to the extent of £50 millions would cause any appreciable enlargement of industrial and commercial activity. Mr. St. Loe Strachey takes the analogy of a good business man with a mortgage who is confronting the alternatives of using an increased profit to pay off this mortgage or to enlarge his business operations, and he rightly holds that he may wisely choose the latter course. So he will if, as on the hypothesis, business is prospering and he can reasonably hope to earn, by enlargement of his operations, a higher sum than the interest on his mortgage. But this analogy of the private business man tells not for, but against, the course Mr. Strachey recommends. "The time to pay off debt is not a time of economic depression. The right time is a prosperous period, when there is plenty of money." Now, few financiers would endorse this judgment, nor is it consistent with the case of the private business man. In a prosperous time profits are best put back into the business, where they can earn more than the rate of interest on the debt. Conversely, in a time of depression and low profits like the present, a fortuitous surplus is best applied to debt redemption, where it helps to prepare a more solid basis for credit when trade revives.

Further, there is no reason to hold that a reduction of income tax would increase appreciably the total amount of capital available for investment, apart from all question of the utility of such investment. For it is presumable that practically the whole of any money paid out by the Government for redemption of War Bonds would be applied by the recipients of this money to some new form of investment. There is no ground for supposing it would be applied to current expenditure, and even if it were, at a time like this, when most capital and labor is under-employed, the increased demand for goods and services thus created would exert a surer influence in stimulating trade than attempting to supply more industrial capital to an already overstocked market.

There are other weighty considerations in favor of using a possible surplus for further debt redemption. Taking the most roseate view of this year's surplus, a cut in income tax would be politically and financially foolish unless the reduced rate could surely be maintained next year. Now, upon all the evidence, next year's revenue will be less than this year's, for it will contain three bad years for income-tax estimate instead of two, while the special revenue from arrears and war-stores must by then be exhausted. Even if some revival of trade occurs, its compensating gain will not easily offset these losses. Finally, the impatient taxpayer does not realize adequately the solid future social and financial advantages, not only to the State, but to the business community, of strengthening public finance by a fairly rapid reduction of the dangerously large national debt. This huge burden carries many dangers, amongst which is the parade of a large, idle, extravagant *rentier* class, taking visible toll of the current production of the nation without contributing any service in respect of their income. So large a debt is a constant temptation to the repudiation or confiscation which the propertied classes in this country affect to fear from the coming Labor Government. In a word, so far as the State can be regarded in the light of a business undertaking, its rulers ought to prefer a strengthening of its permanent credit to some slight alleviation of immediate burdens.

## THE NATION AND THE AGRICULTURAL LABORER.

ONE fact about the great farm strike must impress everybody who has followed the history of its outbreak. The actual difference between the two sides is amazingly out of proportion to the scale of the quarrel. The men were willing in the last resort to continue work at twenty-five shillings for fifty hours for three months. The farmers were willing in the last resort to give twenty-five shillings for fifty-two hours, or twenty-four for fifty, or twenty-six for fifty-four: the week in each case to be guaranteed. Thus a quarrel which may spread, like the historical struggle of the 'seventies, over several counties is really about a question of two hours more or two hours less in work, or one shilling a week more or one shilling a week less in wages. One might suppose that relations between farmers and laborers were particularly bitter when the two sides are ready for the calamities of a great strike over so slight a difference; but all observers report that this is not the case, and that there is good feeling and something like sympathy between them. What, then, is the reason for this obstinacy? Why do farmers prefer the disorganization of their business to conceding two hours a week, or the men prefer to see their families brought very near to starvation and their unions brought to financial ruin rather than give the farmers another two hours a week? The answer is, we think, that the farmers on the one side want to break the custom of the shorter working day as a matter of principle, and that the laborers feel, on the other, that they have been driven down to the last point, and that if they concede anything more their position will become unbearable, and they will be absolutely dependent on the farmer. For the shorter working day remains the one symbol of the new strength the laborer won in the war: the one proof that he has not been driven down again to the hopeless and helpless plight in which the war found him.

This catastrophe was inevitable from the day when the Lloyd George Government decided on its great betrayal. Anybody could see that the only hope of carrying agriculture through the crisis that was imminent was to keep the Wages Board. When the Coalition Government dissolved the Wages Board it invited the farmers to act as they have acted. A Wages Board was useful when agriculture was prosperous; it was indispensable when agriculture began to decline. The Coalition behaved like all bodies of men who have lost their self-respect: it did not feel the slightest shame in breaking every promise that it had given. It had announced its intention to put down sweating, and it went some way towards preparing a Minimum Wages Bill; it professed great enthusiasm for the shorter working day, and it took part in a world conference for the purpose of establishing it. In the case of agriculture it had all the machinery for carrying out its promises, and the machinery had worked well. It was just because it worked well that there was such anxiety on the part of employers, who remembered the days when they dealt with the defenceless laborers, to get rid of it. The Government's decision to dismantle that machinery was perhaps the most brazen-faced of all its escapades. This strike is the result.

The farmers say that they are very unhappy about the miserable lot of the laborers, but that they cannot help themselves. Agriculture is in such desperate straits that it cannot afford a living wage to its laborers. That answer may do for their consciences, but it will not do for the nation. In the first place, in what sense is it true that at this moment the farmer cannot pay a living

wage? Some pertinent reflections on this subject are to be found in a little book just published ("The Farmer's Problem," by a Farmer. John Murray, ls.). The writer points out that less than half the farmers in the country claimed the corn bonus, that dairy farming is not doing badly, that the number of bankruptcies last year was not above the average of the years 1911 to 1914, that there are no farms to let, and he asks very aptly, "What about the gains of the war period?" Lord Kimberley has commented on another aspect of the agricultural difficulty. Are the laborers to be sacrificed for the gambling in farms that went on in the times of high prices?

We doubt whether the farmers of the country could make out a case before a Wages Board if they attempted to show that agriculture at this moment, in its present circumstances, cannot afford to pay a living wage. But whether they succeeded or failed, one thing is certain. The nation has no use for an industry which is so conducted that it brings our rural population to ruin and degradation. If the farmers are right, the case for drastic reform is so much the stronger.

This crisis will serve a purpose if it brings this question before the English people in its full importance. If this is the best that the farmer can do under the present system, then that system must go. It is impossible to give the farmer Protection or subsidies on the present basis, because that is merely putting public money into private pockets. If those methods are ruled out, what is left? There remain the methods by which the farmers in other countries have contrived to make a success of agriculture. Mr. Rogers, of the Board of Agriculture, pointed out twenty years ago that the first thing the farmer should do is to see that the business of trading in his products is done by someone who is concerned to dispose of those products to the best advantage of the farmer. At present the farmer wrings his hands and exclaims against the wicked, extortionate middleman. But who put him in the middleman's hands, or who keeps him there? If the farmers had half the sense of the Danish farmers they would have got out of that strait waistcoat long ago. The writer of the little book we have quoted points out that the farmers might take the best middlemen into their service. Or they might have invited Mr. Wise, who is now to give his great experience and ability to the Russian co-operative movement, to organize a system of buying and selling for British farmers. It was urged against the old common-field system, and with some justice, that the peasant was a slow-moving, unenterprising fellow, that he had a narrow outlook, that he was content with the methods and ways of his father and grandfather. Do not the present race of farmers expose themselves to much the same charge? Do they not compare badly with the

farmers of most Continental countries? What steps have they taken to organize their industry? Grumbling does not reduce rates or the middleman's profits. Even now, with all the experience of the war behind them, they seem still to have the ideas of last century, and to think of Protection as the proper remedy for their own inefficiency.

It may be that the task of organizing their industry is beyond the power of the present race of farmers. They have their chance now, for there is a Government in office which is very ready to look at their difficulties with their eyes, and very reluctant to take drastic measures of any kind. What if the farmers do not or cannot take the opportunity? Then the alternative will be forced on the nation. That alternative is the policy recommended during the war by Sir Daniel Hall. In his book, "Agriculture After the War," Sir Daniel Hall argued that it might be necessary to stabilize the prices of agricultural produce or else to ensure in other ways an adequate return to the farmer if the nation wanted to bring about a greater production of food at home, and to avert the evils that must follow a general decline of agriculture. He foretold the situation that has now arisen.

"While many farmers accept the rise in wages brought about by the war as a permanent change, others anticipate that the disbandment of the army and the industrial depression consequent on the general poverty will result in considerable unemployment, so that wages will come down again to their former level or something less. Then, if prices serve, the cautious farmer can resume his arable farming on the old basis of cheap labor, without troubling himself to reduce costs by the application of machinery and improved methods."

But if any policy of stabilizing prices or of removing the speculative elements from farming by State guarantees is adopted, the State, as Sir Daniel Hall said, must secure any increment in land value brought about by its own action. It is to this plan that the nation will have to turn if the farmers cannot make their industry into an industry that supports its workers on a civilized basis. Sir Daniel Hall's warning ought to have been taken to heart before the policy of guaranteed prices was adopted, in which case the nation, and not the individual landowners, would have received the benefit when land changed hands at an inflated value. The warning will not be lost on future Governments, and if the reorganization of agriculture has to be undertaken by State help, private enterprise will have to work under very different conditions. For some way will be found of encouraging tillage and production which does not allow either the workers or the nation to be exploited. That is the problem to which politicians who expect to find themselves governing the country in the near future must devote their brains.

## MORE EXTRACTS FROM A RUHR DIARY.\*

By HUGH F. SPENDER.

ESSEN.

It is strange to see these coal carts passing through the streets of Essen escorted by soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets, and two cyclists riding in front with rifles slung over their shoulders. Such familiar objects, with the dejected drivers walking by the side of the horses, held thus in the grip of Mars with steel helmet and flashing steel, provoke a smile. The French take just what they want to keep themselves warm in hotel and barrack, and

leave many of the carts to go on their way to the factories. There is an amusing cartoon in "Simplicissimus" this week, depicting a French General sitting in a railway carriage shivering with the cold, with a very red nose, while he writes telegram after telegram to Paris, for more coal. Through the window of the carriage a great mound of coal with the familiar wheel is seen.

Sometimes the Germans play pranks with these captured coal carts, and that is why they are placed under a strong guard. This morning a crowd rushed one of the carts which was being conducted by two soldiers only, and

\* The earlier Extracts appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for March 24th.



tilted up the tailboard. It was a dangerous game, for one of the soldiers drew a revolver and knocked a German down, holding the revolver over him; but he did not fire. There was an amusing scramble for the coal that had been spilled when the soldiers were out of sight again.

It is not wise to laugh, for the French are conscious that their position is a trifle ridiculous, and a smile may infuriate them. The Germans are so prone to see the darkest side of everything that it is surprising to find that they have a sense of humor in such trying circumstances. I think that the success of their passive resistance has given them a new sense of importance and self-assurance. It is the first time since the war that they have felt solid ground beneath their feet, and they rejoice in the feeling that they have a good cause. They have coined a nickname for M. Poincaré. They call him "Poincaré-Bismarck," for he is doing for Germany what Bismarck did, welding it together. They see a glimmer of hope for the future. "We were all at sixes and sevens, especially in the Ruhr, but now we are all united." The German who made this remark to me is an employer of labor, and insists that the French made their first mistake by arresting Thyssen and other employers, and making martyrs of them. They thought that by doing so they would please the workers.

If the French had an Intelligence Department, it served them very badly, for they have succeeded in combining the whole district against them. Even the Communists of whom they had some hopes have definitely turned against them, and the Communist newspaper, which has so far not been suppressed, is not likely to enjoy its immunity for long, to judge from the scathing tone of its articles. I am told that the Communists will give the French more trouble than any other section of the population.

I do not know whether there is any truth in this statement, but the French by their lawless procedure are encouraging the forces of disorder. Indeed, I think that by their refusal to afford any security to the towns which they have deprived of their police, they must have some such idea in their heads. It will be a bad day for the French if the passive-resistance movement is broken, for then the advocates of force will rejoice, and seething passions will be let loose.

In Gelsenkirchen the Oberbürgermeister showed me to-day a number of depositions from the inhabitants of the town and others claiming restitution for the money which had been stolen from them in the streets, when the French soldiers held up passers-by to search their pockets, for the fine which was levied on the town. Gelsenkirchen was the scene of an affray between some German policemen and some French officers who, driving into the town at night, refused to pay any heed to an order to light their lamps. The Germans say that one of the officers drew his revolver and fired at the Schutzmännchen; the French say that the police opened fire first. There were casualties on both sides, and the town was placed under martial law and heavily fined. It refused to pay, and after raiding the Town Hall the soldiers tried to extract what they could from the pockets of people in the streets. The French authorities had the grace to say that this robbery under arms was due to the mistaken zeal of an officer, and some of the money was returned. The Oberbürgermeister looked worried. He was prepared to reimburse the people who had their money stolen as far as he could. But the total claimed in the depositions amounted to an enormous sum. It was odd that so many people should have had so many hundreds of thousands of marks on them that night, and that there should have been so many stray visitors from other towns, including a Dutchman, who had been robbed apparently of all their savings. But there was no knowing whether Herr Schmidt was not speaking the

truth when he claimed half a million marks; and Herr Luther, who had lost still more, was a most respectable citizen. People did go about with a great deal of paper money. . . . The Oberbürgermeister could afford to laugh over it all, for the French, having by various means got their hundred million marks, had left the town. Alas! they reappeared a few days later, besieged the police in their barracks, and took them off in motor-lorries to deposit them like rubbish in unoccupied Germany.

No one knows at what town the French will strike next. On the country roads one meets battalions on the march with guns and tanks bent on some plan of campaign. The peasants complain that the soldiers are billeted on them without any payment, and that potatoes and vegetables disappear. But what these marching columns are really after are coal and trucks and locomotives, and it is for this purpose, I am told, they have invaded Bochum, a large mining and manufacturing town. They seized the railway station and various public buildings, with the usual result that all the railwaymen walked off, and all the post-office officials ceased work. Once again they were faced with the maddening problem of discovering how the signals and points worked, for the Germans before they left had altered the numbers of the levers and disarranged the delicate mechanism of control. It is strange how difficult these German locomotives are to move and what odd things the few trucks that are left do when they are set going. At all events, the French officers determined to make themselves as comfortable as possible in Bochum, and proceeding to the Rathaus they politely asked the mayor to provide them with furniture, motor-cars, and other necessities. The mayor refused, and so did all the town councillors, who assembled in the Town Hall like Roman senators of old.

They were all arrested and taken to the Court House in the Wilhelmsplatz, a great crowd following. Here a tragic incident took place which I fear will occur with greater frequency as the French soldiers grow more impatient and nervous. A sentry, pressed by the crowd, and thinking that one of his friends was being molested, fired, killing a young workman and wounding two others.

The same night a company of soldiers sacked the Chamber of Commerce, forced open the safes which contained the salaries of the employees, and took out all the furniture. They drank all the wine they could find, looted the cigars, and threw about the archives of the Chamber in utter confusion, wrecking the telephones and slashing the portraits of two Bürgermeisters. A bust of Bismarck had left a dent in the floor, as a reminder of the iron strength of its forehead as it was hurled from its pedestal. There was an utter scene of wreckage and confusion, and the French official who solemnly assured me, when I protested against this outrage, that it was the work of German policemen, who desired to discredit the French soldiers, showed a lack of humor. At the French Press bureau in Essen they were more candid. The incident was admittedly regrettable, I was told; but surely I would not have French officers sitting on the ground? As the town of Bochum had refused to lend them chairs or sofas, they had to be taken. What could be done with such unreasonable people as these Germans, who would not even sell a chair to the French? For they were up against the boycott of the shopkeepers again. In fact, everything that the Germans do is a further proof of their inherent wickedness and an additional justification of the occupation of the Ruhr valley. Every chimney-stack or heap of coal which the French saw as they entered the district was a black mark against the Germans, who were seen to be all hard at work making money. The technical skill and organization which have made the Ruhr famous in the annals of industry astonished the French, who have nothing like it in their own country. It was obvious that these

people could pay vast sums, and every new building was a crime in the eyes of the poilus who were sent to collect the hidden hoards of gold of Thyssen and Stinnes.

By the time I left Essen the French were no longer in any doubt that they had failed in their first aim of getting reparations in coal or goods. They still persisted in declaring that they would remain "for two million years if necessary," until they were paid. But they are remaining for a different object now. They are convinced that without the Ruhr Germany can never make war. And they will stay there until they are satisfied that a plan has been devised which, under the guise of "demilitarization," "neutralization," or "internationalization," will prevent this wonderful industrial organization from being used for military purposes against them. The coke shall be used for the Lorraine blastfurnaces, and not for making Big Berthas in Krupp's.

To-day I sped in a motor-car after the black troops which were reported at Werden and Kupferdreh. In the summer it would be a pleasant journey to these little hill towns on the edge of the Ruhr valley, embowered in the beech woods. But it rained the whole day, and the roads were shocking. I know of no rain like this rain in the Ruhr valley, which leaves the fields round Essen and Bochum a sea of mud. I arrived too late to see the black troops, but the horrified comments of the townsfolk left me in no doubt that they had been there on the previous day. I like to think that it was the protests of the correspondents, British and American, at the Kaiserhof in Essen, which led to their withdrawal. But the French utterly fail to understand our objection to the employment of black troops in the occupied area; and these troops that went to Werden were, I am told, "citizens of France from the West Indies, who had as much right to be called Frenchmen as anyone in France." I gathered that their color was a pleasing light chocolate.

## Life and Letters.

### BUTCHER SEES RED.

ONE of the heaviest moral costs of the war is our loss of the sense of the value of free speech and publication. Everywhere has been manifested a disposition to extend the emergency censorship of war into the time of peace, and to apply it to check all vital criticism of things as they are. In France, as in Russia, the ruthless suppression of opinions hostile to the Government has been systematic and avowed. In America many States have recently passed laws to suppress "disloyal" utterances, and to regulate the teaching in schools and colleges. It could, therefore, be no great matter of surprise that Sir John Butcher should, with some considerable backing, introduce into the House of Commons last week "a Bill to prevent the teaching of seditious doctrines or methods to the young, and for other purposes connected therewith."

A certain crude cunning was displayed in his advocacy of this measure to keep things dark. No reasonable person would approve of pumping strong controversial politics and economics into the tender and receptive mind of children. Whether it be done under the guise of Socialism or of patriotism, it is taking an unfair advantage of the innocent. Sane educationalists would be exceedingly chary of stirring in the young a spirit either of rebellion or of submissiveness. But to make such teaching criminal is quite another matter. We hold it very wrong to excite the fighting and

acquisitive instincts of children by flag-worship, jingo history, and Empire Days, but we would not fine or imprison teachers for such treason to the intelligence. Even were Sir John Butcher right in pretending that his Bill is directed at the preaching of "a rebel spirit, hatred and disaffection against the King and the Constitution," forcible suppression would be the worst remedy. For every tyro in politics knows that persecution inflames this rebel spirit. Moreover, Communist or Socialist parents cannot be stopped from gathering their children into groups on Sundays and talking to them on matters of current interest. Were the movement of the dimensions Sir John Butcher pretended, an army of juvenile spies would be required to enforce his law. In point of fact, Sir John, like others who see red, is dismally ill-informed. He talked of 100 Communist schools, alleging that his measure was directed exclusively against them. He could not name one such school, though several very likely exist.

Now, there does exist a large number of Socialist and Labor schools whose teaching, we are glad to imagine, has some influence upon the children of our large industrial towns. It is certain Mr. Ben Turner was right in assuming that the liberties of these schools were aimed at, and that Sir John Butcher's friends are really afraid, not of Communism, which has no real root in this country, but of Labor-Socialism, which grows more powerful every year. When he cited for particular reprobation the doctrine that private property is robbery, the cat miewed in the bag. For though Socialism does not teach that private property is robbery, it does teach that private ownership of the means of production is an instrument of robbery.

And so we get to the heart of the matter. Alike here and in America is kept up the solemn fiction that legal force is required to prevent a violent overthrow of the Constitution, whereas the real aim of these good folk is to stop criticism of the ethics of money-getting. The "order of things" sacred to them is the exclusive ownership of land, capital, and business opportunities, which secures wealth for them and illth for the majority of their fellows. The "sedition" and "poison" of Laborism and Socialism consist in the attack upon these fortresses of economic privilege. Sir John and his friends are afraid not of "The Young Communist," and its envenomed but quite futile rhetoric, but of the just and reasonable demands of the workers for an "order of things" conformable to justice and humanity, and involving a loss of wealth and power to the economic oligarchy. It is not any Communist manifesto which frightens our profiteers, but the policy of peaceful constitutional revolution, sketched by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and held in substance by the solid body of the Labor Party. For such a revolution violence will be unnecessary, if education of the electorate be permitted. Is it the desire of defenders of the vested interests to obstruct this education, and to bring a conflict of violence in which they judge their control of scientific force will enable them to prevail? Do they really feel that their defence of the old "order of things" by intellectual and moral weapons is so feeble that their only hope lies in preventing their enemies' case from getting a hearing? Probably they have not clearly thought out this tactic. But they are no doubt seriously alarmed, not merely at the advance of Labor-Socialism in the places where discontent is to be expected, but at the defection of the younger educated citizens from the cause of "the defence of property." It has taken several generations of education to shake the general belief in the fundamental rightness and utility of the



"system" of the "devil take the hindmost," and to show it responsible for poverty, unemployment, loss of liberty, class and international war. Even now the education is not complete. Capitalism is still engaged, both here and in America, in constructing, by means of its intellectual mercenaries, novel defences to replace the broken fortresses of the classical political economy, and in buying off the workers with cheap concessions.

There is a naïve humor in this silly exhibition by Sir John Butcher. But we know what his "seditious teaching" means. It means teaching children the elements of an economic analysis which explains how Sir John and his friends came into possession of their money, and how the powers and privileges of ownership corrupt the sources of democracy, and by degrading the livelihood, and the material and moral environment, of the masses of the people, make our civilization the mean and ugly thing it is. By gagging the honest discussion of these evils Sir John would exasperate them until they broke out in a disorderly violence with which he and his friends perhaps think they "would know how to deal." But though Sir John dwelt with glowing indignation upon the wicked teaching in these Sunday schools, he confined his quotations to the Communist schools, which, as we see, are not the real target at which he aims. The Precepts adopted by the Socialist Sunday schools deserve citation as furnishing an adequate answer to the slanders which have often been thrown against them by febrile orators. They run as follows:—

1. Love your schoolfellows, who will be your fellow-workmen in life.
2. Love learning, which is the food of the mind; be as grateful to your teacher as to your parents.
3. Make every day holy by good and useful deeds and kindly actions.
4. Honor good men, be courteous to all men, bow down to none.
5. Do not hate or speak evil of anyone. Do not be revengeful, but stand up for your rights and resist oppression.
6. Do not be cowardly. Be a friend to the weak, and love justice.
7. Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by labor. Whoever enjoys them without working for them is stealing the bread of the workers.
8. Observe and think in order to discover the truth. Do not believe what is contrary to reason, and never deceive yourself or others.
9. Do not think that those who love their own country must hate and despise other nations, or wish for war, which is a remnant of barbarism.
10. Look forward to the day when all men and women will be free citizens of one fatherland and live together as brothers and sisters in peace and righteousness.

### GUIGNOL.

I was taking my Sunday afternoon walk in the Luxembourg gardens when I heard, what I had very often heard before, the rolling of a muffled drum. I had never been quite certain where it came from. I suspected the roundabout-proprietor, sometimes; sometimes, changing guard at the Senate. But this time I happened to see a little crowd pushing outside a shed with green canvas walls. A crowd of grown-ups with children; but all the grown-ups have children in the Luxembourg on Sunday afternoon. So I pushed too.

It was, joy of joys! the Guignol. But the house was full. There was room only for one very small person in the four rows of stalls that are reserved for children by themselves, without encumbrances; and one who was very small in comparison with them would have been

very small indeed—infinitesimal. Luckily, the theatre is so arranged that these four rows shall be under their parents' eyes. Their parents cannot see the Guignol, but they can see their offspring. Admirable excuse! I am well enough on in years to pass successfully for a parent; and, indeed, after I had watched the audience during a performance, I felt like the father of dozens.

There were all kinds. There were the little boys who stared seriously at the stage from beginning to end, with their chins in their hands; there were the little girls who scarcely ever looked at the stage, yet for some reason they were always laughing, then they glanced round at their fathers and mothers; there were the little boys who couldn't help standing up, and the little girls who pulled them down again; there was a little boy who talked rapidly to whatever character was on the stage, in such a low voice that nobody could hear; there was another, a venerable of eight, in a new lycée cap and coat, whose face suffered terrible contortions in his anxiety to suppress a laugh; there was a two-year-old girl, propped up on her mother's knees, in the pit, who spluttered with laughter at each single thing that happened, and then turned round and pulled her mother by the nose. It was a fascinating, inexhaustible audience, various as an Alpine meadow in spring.

But at one moment in the drama which I could not see, the variety suddenly became unity. The hundred different flowers and grasses in the meadow were swept by a single wind, and became one thing. Those hundred voices became one voice, and it shrieked, "Guignol! Guignol!" eagerly, imploringly, desperately. Then, abruptly, it died down. Guignol must have come. Again it rose; again died down; and once again. Three times in all.

It was too much for my detachment. I must find out what was happening. I would go in at the next house, even though everyone would see that I was an unattached grown-up. I had a reason. It was not in order to see a Guignol, but to make a psychological inquiry, to discover what part of a Guignol it was that changed a hundred individual children into one. Heaven alone knows how valuable that knowledge might be: it might yield me the secret of drama, and eventually a fortune. Still, I think I should have gone in anyhow.

I smuggled myself in at the back when the theatre began to fill again. I moved as close as I dared to the children next me, and trusted that one of them at least would be reckoned as mine. But the proprietor tore the mask away from me when he came for my money. "Monsieur est seul?" he said, in an astonished voice. I confessed it. "Quatre sous!" That was a comfort. When one is a child, one thinks as a child; one also pays as a child. The same price at four as at forty; for the balcony as for the orchestra stalls. A democratic house—perhaps the only democratic institution in the whole French Republic.

Suddenly the curtain went up, askew, and I was glad of my courage. I thrilled with the thought of seeing a Punch and Judy show again. My disappointment was bitter. Who were these undistinguished figures appearing? A sleek-haired monsieur, a dull-looking madame, with the thinnest pipe of a voice between them. Where was Punch, where was Judy, where the baby? No Toby Dog, no pan-pipes, no coffin, no green crocodile, no gallows! Above all, nothing of that heart-rending, ear-splitting squawk with which the wicked Punch betrays and glorifies his wickedness; not even a faint echo of that ghastly "Ah-dee-doo-dee-doo-dy" which he shrieks over the corpses he has made—the very cry which Shakespeare was inspired to make into the culmination of the Bedlam scene in "Lear," the cry the editors can-

not recognize because they have forgotten Punch, or never went to see him. Molière would be farce to this Guignol; the "Médecin malgré Lui" is a perfect tornado of slap-stick compared with this mild domestic drama. Madame gives monsieur a bag of gold—"un sac d'agent"—Monsieur Guignol leaves it. There it is in front of the stage. That is all.

Yet the audience laughs. No matter who comes on, or what he says, it laughs. It came there to laugh, and it laughs. Luckily, its taste has not been spoiled by English Punch and Judy. Our Guignol is a Grand Guignol beside this one; Mr. Punch a veritable Landru in comparison with this mild-mannered Monsieur. Were it not for the audience it would be dull, downright dull.

But wait! The stage is empty. There is only the bag of gold. The stage remains empty. Nobody comes. What has happened? In spite of itself, the audience quietens, becomes silent, still as the grave. Nothing happens. Here and there comes a sudden little squeak of suspense from a child who cannot bear the agony of waiting.

Then, like a shadow, he glides in. In a grey sugar-loaf hat with a red ribbon; and with an Eye. One huge, stealthy, staring, sideways Eye, such as the Greeks used to paint on their triremes. It is, you know it is, *Le Voleur*. And the hundred children become one, the hundred voices one, crying imploringly, desperately, "Guignol! Guignol!!" They never stop. Louder and louder, while he prowls round. With that eye he cannot miss the bag; he could see the money in a bee's pocket with it. Yet he does miss it. Guignol is coming back. The Voleur glides away. Saved! And then the idiot Guignol goes away again. Again silence. And again the sugar-loaf hat and the Eye return. "Guignol! Guignol!!" The little boy beside me roars for sheer anguish. And again we are saved. Yet a third time the fool Guignol goes. A third time the Eye returns. A third time, louder than ever, "Guignol! Guignol!!" The audience is on its feet to a man. But the Eye has seen, and the bag of money goes.

Three times! If it were done thirty times they would never be tired, never cease shouting, never feel less anguish. That eye and that hat are The Thief. There he is labelled for ever. When you see that grey sugar-loaf hat you run for your life, hide under the bed, hide anywhere. It would be good to be back in a world where wickedness was known by the hat it wore, and where the nature of things forbade that it should ever go bareheaded. It is so in Guignol. Even when Monsieur has killed him with his stick, his hat is still on his head and his slanting eye is open wide. He is what he is even in death—"Le Voleur." But nobody cares about him now; nobody feels for or against. When the Croquemort takes him (without a coffin or a hearse) nobody is glad or sorry. He is only a thief who cannot thieve.

The thing exists only for that ghastly, breath-snatching moment when the Thief prowls silently round the stage. Then the audience clamors in desperation that the right should save the wrong. The villain in Punch and Judy is a triple-murderer, in Guignol he steals a bag of money. The moralist may moralize. But the thrill is the thing. It could not be greater if the sugar-loaf hat came with a knife instead of with an eye; nor could he be more wicked, for he is wickedness itself. And for the one moment while the issue of his wickedness is still in doubt, we do not miss the fearful voice of diabolic Punch. The silence is frightening and perfect. The Big Guignol has still something to learn from the little one; but it can never hope to have such an audience.

M.

## Letters to the Editor

### "LIBERAL REUNION."

SIR,—I trust I may be able to answer my critics.

First, Mr. Borlay's letter is refreshingly naïve. Apparently, we are to fight Labor, because Labor has made no terms with us, and we have nobody else left to fight and nothing to fight for. Mr. Borlay appears to turn a blind eye to the fact that it is not Labor, but Toryism, which is governing the country by an immense majority, supported in all essential divisions by most National Liberals. I should have thought we had enough to do fighting for the overturn of the programme and policies of the late Coalition, most of which are still ruining on unchecked, to the destruction of this country. I should have thought, also, that we might fight for the remedying of the gigantic evils and the recovery of the effort towards an ideal of justice in the common life of this country, whether or no Labor accepted our demand for justice or endorsed our aims. Of course, if we have no such ideals and aims, but merely desire to make a common party out of discordant elements, I cannot see why we should "fight" at all. Let us abandon politics to those who care for them and each go about his own business.

As to Mr. Mason, I regret that any letter of mine should be read by him with "growing irritation." His letter appears to be rather adjectival than suggestive, compelled, like Hamlet, to "unpack his heart with words," and "scold like a very drab." Such statements as "smug complacency," "repulsive," "sickening in the extreme," and "Pecksniffian superiority," though words no doubt giving the author relief, do not materially contribute to Liberal union. What he does not see is that this is a question, not of advocacy, but of diagnosis. If Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George publicly embraced each other, if Sir John Simon and Sir Alfred Mond waltzed riotously together, and if all the Independent Liberals in the House assembled joyously around Sir Hamar Greenwood to learn and approve what really happened under his Black-and-Tan régime, you might form a "united" party. But it would not be the Liberal Party. And I think (although I may be wrong) it would be as completely spewed out of the mouth of the electors as was the Coalition of Fox and North, which it was assumed would sweep the country more than a hundred years ago. I wish all publicists and past and future Members of Parliament would consider, before they write or speak, Butler's magnificent platitude: "Things are what they are. Their consequences will be what they will be. Why, then, should we seek to be deceived?"

Lastly, I would only slightly modify Mr. Mason's fine statement at the end: "Let us praise good speech and noble action wherever we find it." Let us praise noble action, I would desire, wherever we find it. And let us praise good speech; unless it be used to conceal ignoble action in the present, or as a means of making men forget ignoble action in the past, or as a method to obtain power to carry out ignoble action in the future.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

SIR,—Your issue of March 24th contains a letter from Mr. Jas. B. Baillie setting out the political crimes of Mr. Lloyd George and giving those as a reason why he should not be associated in the leadership of the Liberal Party.

I fully admit the force of all that he says, except in one regard. If we are to exclude from the leadership of the Liberal Party all the great and distinguished men who during the last ten years have committed horrible political crimes which have been disastrous not only to the Liberal Party but to the nation, whom shall we have left to fight our battles? We must remember that the Conservative and Labor Parties have also great and distinguished leaders whose political crimes are very little different from those of the Liberal leaders. The Liberal Party in Parliament requires its gladiators to fight the gladiators of the other parties, and we must use such men as we have for that purpose.



Of course, it is quite right and wise, for the purpose of educating the public, to point out the political crimes of these gladiators, but in considering the practical politics of the present we have simply to consider which of these men will fight our battle. It is quite possible that they now recognize their previous political follies and mistakes, and are anxious to make amends and to make the best of the present situation.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

#### THE RETURN OF ZAGHLOUL.

SIR,—While the Egyptian people will rejoice at the news of Zaghloul's release, so wisely decided upon by His Majesty's Government, the full benefit, in the present strained situation in Egypt, of this conciliatory step cannot be realized unless his colleagues in the Seychelles and his supporters who are suffering in prisons in Egypt for their political activities are likewise liberated without delay.

Both the people of Egypt and the European colonies there, and the British public generally and commercial elements here, are becoming impatient for a settlement in Egypt, which many think has been unnecessarily delayed by the anti-Zaghloul tactics of the British authorities in Egypt.

Is it not time now, when these tactics have proved such a disastrous failure, when all conceivable alternatives to Zaghloul have been tried and found lacking, that His Majesty's Government bestirred themselves to resume the more statesmanlike policy so clearly explained and strongly urged by Lord Milner?

No doubt the Egyptian problem is not an easy one. But did not Lord Milner declare, after careful study of the problem on the spot, and his intimate negotiations with Zaghloul: "My belief is that a course of action is possible which will enable us (the British) to ensure all that we need in Egypt, including the maintenance of the order and progress of which we were ourselves the authors, without involving ourselves in permanent hostility with the Egyptian nation," and that his "intimate conviction" was that "between the honest pro-Egyptian Nationalist (referring specifically to the Zaghloulists) and a British imperialist statesman there can be a good and permanent alliance, and there is no permanent conflict of interest" (Lords Debates, Nov. 4th, 1920)?

Did he not add that "there is no reason to suppose either that the Egyptian Nationalists, as a whole, are hostile to Great Britain, or that the attainment of their aspirations is necessarily inconsistent with the safeguarding of British interests in Egypt"?

Surely, sir, it is little short of criminal frivolity to throw away such promising chances for a settlement with Egypt through such effective leaders as Zaghloul and his colleagues, in the vain quest after the mirages of the so-called Moderates, who are none other than self-seeking Turco-Egyptian-Pashadom, through whose "Moderation" Sir Valentine Chirol clearly saw.

His Majesty's Government should never forget the fact that it was to Zaghloul and his school that Lord Cromer looked for "the only hope for Egyptian Nationalism," and urged the British and Egyptians who cared for the welfare of Egypt to give them all the support they can, for they were, as he pointed out in his book (Vol. II., p. 180), "the natural allies of the British reformer."—Yours, &c.,

L. A. FANGOUS.

#### "THE FUTURE OF KENT."

SIR,—That portion of the County of Kent under which workable coal has been proved is by no means as extensive as might be assumed from the leading article under the above heading in last week's THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.

According to Kelly's "Directory of Kent," the total area of the coalfield, excluding underseas coal, is about 150 square miles, or less than one-tenth of the total area of the county. Indeed, both coal- and ironfield would be enclosed in the triangle Folkestone—Canterbury—Ramsgate, a section of Kent not usually associated with orchards.

To compensate for its limited area, however, this coalfield is unusually rich, containing a large number of thick seams,

mostly of steam and coking coals of the highest quality. At Lydden, three miles from Dover, eighteen seams of coal were proved, with an average thickness of six feet; at Ripple, near Deal, fifty-two feet of coal in all were recorded; while at Stodmarsh, four miles east of Canterbury, there was discovered on May 10th, 1911, a seam of coal no less than 13 ft. 8 in. in thickness. This seam, by the way, narrowly escaped being named after the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm—but that is another story!

It is, indeed, high time that this great mineral wealth should be developed, and that its exploitation should be in strong and capable hands; we who live within the confines of the coalfield are satisfied that such is now the case. Your suggestion that the Minister of Health should summon a conference of the chief local authorities to discuss the situation has been anticipated by more than a year, for on March 6th, 1922, a conference was held at Canterbury, and Mr. G. L. Peplow, of the Ministry of Health, presided over a very representative gathering of the various local bodies.

I am glad to be able to assure your readers that the important questions of town-planning, arterial roads, industrial belts, &c., are being most carefully considered, under the able and farseeing leadership of the local authority chiefly concerned, namely, the Council of the Rural District of Eastry.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT STANDEN,  
Lt.-Colonel.

Great Mongeham, Kent.

#### LABOR IN THE MINES.

SIR,—In your issue of March 3rd you anticipate that "events in the coal industry are once more moving rapidly towards trouble." It is sincerely to be hoped that this anticipation will prove to have been ill-founded; but, should trouble unfortunately ensue, the responsibility will not be with the mineowners. Nor can it justly be laid upon the shoulders of Mr. Bonar Law.

The Prime Minister is blamed because he declined to set up a further inquiry into the coal industry. But the facts in connection with the coal industry have been inquired into *ad nauseam* and are not in dispute. As regards the figures supplied to Mr. Bonar Law and quoted by him to the deputation of the Miners' Federation, these came from exactly the same source as those issued by the Mines Department—the returns of individual colliery companies. There is no other source from which they could come. And the miners have already been invited, if they have any doubt as to their accuracy or the method of compilation, to send their own accountants to the offices of the Mining Association and check the figures in any way they please. So far from being designed to cover up the earnings of the lower-paid men, the figures gave these in detail for every grade.

The miners' real grievance is that their wages do not show the same average increase over the pre-war level as does the index figure of the cost of living. But the relativity of wages in an industry that is open to foreign competition, and relies largely upon foreign consumption, cannot be arbitrarily determined in this fashion. The wages of a railway servant or a municipal employee may be based directly upon the cost of living without any immediate effect upon the amount of unemployment in his industry. But in industries supplying a world market an arbitrary increase in wages that is not based on increased production or lower costs either increases the selling price and loses the market or must be provided by a subsidy.

Nobody, surely, suggests a return to the disastrous system of subsidies, and, as Mr. Vernon Hartshorn has indicated in a recent communication to the Press, the present profits are not sufficient to attract to industry that capital without which expansion and development must cease and the industry be doomed.

There remain, however, two questions upon which inquiry might usefully be directed. Why is the cost of living still 77 per cent. above the pre-war level? And, supposing that this is the correct figure for the general mass of the population, is it the correct figure for the miners—having

regard to the fact that the great majority of these obtain coal and houses at rates below the market?—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP GEE,  
Publishing Agent to the Mining Association  
of Great Britain.

#### "THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY."

SIR,—May I be permitted to say a few words with reference to your contributor's article on "The American University" in the issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for March 24th? A friend of mine, who is an enthusiastic reader of your journal, met me yesterday and asked me "if it could be as bad as that, and wasn't it a bit exaggerated?"

As a former student of Columbia University, I was able to inform him that the picture was not exaggerated at all, and that, if anything, it is a great deal worse than Mr. Sinclair's portrayal of it. Your contributor's mention of President Nicholas Murray Butler calls to my mind an incident which nearly destroyed the American Constitution. A friend of mine appropriated one of those graceful red flags which inform all whom it may concern that the road is up. He hung this flag from his bedroom window, and it flapped in the breeze over Upper Broadway. At mid-day my friend received an ultimatum from President Butler that if the flag were not removed by six o'clock expulsion would follow. All day that symbol of revolt remained fixed in its position, defying the Trustees, the Constitution, and all 100 per cent. Americans. At six precisely it was withdrawn and the revolt was squashed.

Such a ridiculous incident as this may prove to your readers that God, God's Own Country, and Capital, are an indivisible Trinity, not to be challenged by naughty students with a perverted sense of humor.—Yours, &c.,

GERY H. FORSYTHE.

Kingsgate-on-Sea.

#### "THE VETERAN ENTHUSIAST."

SIR,—In your issue of March 3rd, you pay me the great compliment of referring to the new series of Nature Books I have just written for Messrs. Chapman & Dodd, Ltd., under the title of "The Abbey Nature Books." I write "the great compliment" because you unhesitatingly refer to me as an "enthusiast," and when I tell you that in April I shall celebrate my literary Diamond Jubilee by the publication of my sixtieth book, you will probably feel more than ever justified in conferring upon me, as you already have done, the honorable title given at the head of this letter! To write sixty books on Natural History is enough to evolve one into "a veteran," but as I only celebrated my forty-eighth birthday in December last, and have many years of best work before me, I am hopeful you really do not mean to dub me a veteran! I know you mean it as a compliment, but it is somewhat ill-deserved, as, to put it quite plainly, I am as young as ever! It is the way that Nature compensates (or repays) all those loving disciples who worship at her immortal shrine.—Yours, &c.,

W. PERCIVAL WESTELL.

The Icknield Way, Letchworth.

### Poetry.

#### WEDDED.

An amber-breasted thrush upon a thorn  
Made glad the wind-swept lea  
With mellow melody,  
To hearten buds and stars and little leaves unborn.

He sang and loved and sang, that throstle blest,  
Till from the ivy-tod  
His wife cried, "O my God,  
Do stop your noise and help with this here dratted nest!"

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

## The Week in the City.

(By OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE exceptionally fine weather tempted many City men to prolong the Easter holiday, and one might have expected markets to be slack for this reason. The opposite has, however, happened. Stock Markets reopened in buoyant mood with British Government Stocks giving a strong lead. The repayment of War Bonds and certain interest disbursements just made, hopes of Turkish peace, and lessened fears of a further rise in money rates in the United States, were partially responsible; but the principal cause of cheerfulness was the huge figure of the surplus of public revenue over expenditure for the fiscal year just ended. The disclosure of a surplus of £101½ millions has revived drooping hopes of tax reduction in the coming Budget. I have, on several occasions, explained on this page the reasons why hopes of tax remission this year should be strictly limited; but the revived hopes based on the unexpectedly large surplus admittedly deserve careful examination.

Technically, the size of last year's surplus has nothing whatever to do with this year's Budget; it has been automatically applied, as it accrued, in the reduction of floating debt. Nevertheless, its surprising dimensions may have several psychological effects, which will work to the benefit of the taxpayer. In the first place, the public expectations of a good Budget have been newly whetted, and that is a point which a Cabinet smarting under recent electoral disasters is not likely to ignore. Secondly, having had so large a surplus to apply to debt reduction last year, the Chancellor may be a little less exacting than he would otherwise have been towards this year's allowances for the same purpose. Thirdly, having seen revenue under several important heads exceed last year's estimates, the Chancellor may be emboldened to attempt a little optimism in his revenue estimates for 1923-4. Looking over these various influences which must be at work, one can safely say that Budget prospects are a shade brighter than they were a month or so ago; but still, major tax-cuts cannot reasonably be looked for. Purely financial considerations would allow very little relief, and much depends on the weight allowed by the Cabinet to considerations of political expediency.

#### SOME TAXES AND THE DEBT.

An examination of the revenue figures shows that the Income-Tax payer has made a very substantial contribution towards the achievement of the surplus. Income Tax and Super-Tax were estimated to yield £329 millions; the actual yield was £379 millions. Much of this £50 millions excess is due to rapid collection of arrears, and the large reduction in the arrears of Income Tax outstanding—a year ago these were estimated at £100 millions—means, of course, that so much the less remains to be collected next year. But the fact that Income-Tax payers have been bearing the heat and burden of the day, and that they last year paid somewhere nearly double the entire amount yielded by all taxation in 1913-14, certainly does entitle them to the Chancellor's sympathetic hearing.

In recent speeches Mr. Stanley Baldwin has made very sound remarks upon the need and duty of systematic debt reduction. So far, such reduction has been purely haphazard. To some extent it must always be so, for in good years more can be put by than in bad years. But has not the time come for laying down some more or less definite plan for progressive repayment? Perhaps Mr. Baldwin will set his mark upon the history of British finance by evolving a debt policy. In this connection the Death Duties naturally come to mind. Death Duties are, in effect, a capital levy, levied at the most convenient time, namely, the moment of decease. In theory, the proper purpose of a capital levy of any sort or kind is debt reduction. Why not boldly earmark the Death Duties, or so much per cent. of their yield, for annual application to this purpose?

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM

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## The World of Books.

WITH "The Confidence Man" and "Israel Potter," Messrs. Constable have completed in twelve volumes the first Standard Edition of Herman Melville's prose works. Melville died in 1891; but, until a year or two ago, except that many of us had gone to "Omoo" and "Typee" because we had been told it was those books which sent Stevenson to the South Seas, and that one or two friends of ours, otherwise dependable, passed into incoherent rapture whenever they mentioned another of Melville's books, Melville was merged in that great company of writers which lives, but only in Limbo. The pious, who would have us believe that what is righteous cannot perish, have an easy case to maintain, because if what was good has perished unheard of, then how can we know of it? Yet Melville could have been acclaimed at any moment. There were "Tristram Shandy" and "Pickwick Papers" to show what was the line in the royal descent. Much that Melville had written was to be bought, including that one book which is as remarkable a prose narrative as there is in English, and is itself sufficient to justify the independence of the American Republic. We flew no signal bunting, however, till recently, and that celebration came, not by premeditation and appointment, but by chance. For it is little more than two years since the Oxford University Press, in the "World's Classics," published "Moby Dick," with a preface by Viola Meynell giving the White Whale just measure. That little edition dates the accession of Herman Melville.

As a consequence of the publication of that edition, he has been lifted out of the estimable company of oddities whose literary works we will not willingly let die but seldom read, into the company of the great. For "Moby Dick," as my readers may remind me they are weary of hearing—though never again on this page will I whisper it—is an immense experience in one's reading life. Incoherent rapture is its first fruits. If it electrifies us, then we are still young. If it does not, then either we have lignified, or we have reached Nirvana and so are beyond even those regions surmised on the outer bounds of Moby's vagaries. There is no intermediate state. It must be either one or the other.

WHEN I began to read it, I did not believe it. That first chapter was too good to be true. Books beginning at that elevation cannot be maintained there except by magicians; and how often do we meet writers of that kind? Moreover, I had come to it late, for I had ridi-

culed at least one rare and exciting rumor about it. And the editor of this journal, when he heard my own exclamations about the Whale—she blows, she blows!—(and from Adelphi Terrace, too) replied quietly that, in a general way, and when his well-being was not in forfeit, he was prepared to accept a fair proportion of whatever I might say without niggling verification. But this was too much. There were no whales about. My mind was disturbed. What! believe that not only had I seen a whale, but that it had swallowed me? Would I ask him next to agree that he had a Jonah in the office? He then ran his pen over a whetstone absently, and addressed himself to the last peculiarity of our great political Jonah and teller of wonder-tales. But when I went from him I left Moby with him. Later I peeped in. He had passed hence. He was not writing politics; transfigured and tense, he was hunting a monster amid the shadows of the profound that are quite beyond soundings. He was making the noises of wonder, awe, and delight. I knew perfectly well, all the time, I had seen a whale. Now the editor saw it. What does Charing Cross matter? The monster had breached over the railway bridge.

\* \* \*

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have produced an edition of Melville's works which honorably establishes the great American among the standard authors. And the Princeton University Press and Mr. Humphrey Milford have just issued in two choice volumes an anthology of Melville's verse, and a collection of his sketches. Of course, one could find fault, as usual, with the anthology, but it is fairly representative of "Battle Pieces," and "John Marr and Other Sailors." There is not a little of Melville's verse which is a trifle embarrassing to post-Victorians; it reads as if the margins of the pages should be decorated with floral emblems and lovely females. Then, just when one is about to give it up, this is found embedded in the mass:—

"Wandering late by morning seas  
When my heart with pain was low—  
Hate the censor pelted me—  
Deject I saw my shadow go.

In elf-caprice of bitter tone  
I too would pelt the pelted one:  
At my shadow I cast a stone.

When lo, upon the sunlit ground  
I saw the quivering phantom take  
The likeness of St. Stephen crowned:  
Then did self-reverence awake."

Or this, for a piece of description:—

"About the Shark, phlegmatical one,  
Pale sot of the Maldive sea,  
The sleek little pilot fish, azure and slim,  
How alert in attendance be.  
From his saw-pit of mouth, from his charnel of maw,  
They have nothing of harm to dread,  
But liquidly glide on his ghastly flank  
Or before his Gorgonian head:  
Or lurk in the port of serrated teeth  
In white triple tiers of glittering gates,  
And there find a haven when peril's abroad,  
An asylum in jaws of the Fates!  
They are friends; and friendly they guide him to prey,  
Yet never partake of the treat—  
Eyes and brains to the dotard lethargic and dull,  
Pale ravener of horrible meat."

H. M. T.

## Short Studies.

### GOOSEBERRY.

PASSING the gate on the way to school in the mornings, she sometimes saw a spider's web stretched across the path between the American currant and the privet bush. That, she knew, was when the postman hadn't been. The milkman never called now. Only old Mrs. Binny "trotted in" about half-past nine with a loaf in a newspaper under her arm and a jug of milk in her hand. Mrs. Binny "did for" the young gentleman. (Oh, dear, a pretty state of things, to be sure! Never before in her life had a tradesman refused to serve her. Now she had to go to the little shops where you paid over the counter. Oh, there were nice goings-on, she could tell you, at number ten. She'd never have set a foot inside the place if she'd have known. Shouldn't never see her own money herself, she shouldn't wonder. Well, we must hope for the best. Not that he wasn't a very pleasant young gentleman; very pleasant indeed, she must say, when he liked. But his temper! You never knew. Sometimes he took you up so short you'd hardly believe—but there, she mustn't stop chattering all day. She'd her pudding to get on.)

If the postman had been at number ten the spider's web was broken. She could trace the long, iridescent lines fallen back among the foliage. Not that it was any good looking in so early in the morning. One must look, all the same. One must look, if only to see how shut and asleep the house was; to see on November mornings the frost on the ragged grass; to see, in rain, the dark veins of damp plaster mottling the stucco walls. Winter was best, really. For then dusk fell early, and coming home from dancing, coming home from singing, one saw the lighted window behind the holly trees. How her heart leapt when she saw it! To that lemon-colored square of light her thoughts flew headlong. To turn the head in passing would sustain her in happiness for three days. Tuesday, singing, Friday, dancing, and the window infallibly lighted behind the holly trees. No wonder every fifth step she took was a skip. She was twelve years old.

Now it was summer, and the garden of number ten contained a few white roses. They grew on long, straggling briars. Their outer petals were like the petals of wild roses; but at the centre they had a little bunch of dwindled petals and a delicate, sweet smell, all that was left of their civilization. In a few years they would be wild roses again. There were some irises, too, legacy of a former tenant, and in one corner a bush of pink wigelia. And there were golden-rod, dog's mercury, shepherd's purse, groundsel, dandelions, and daisies in profusion. On still, warm evenings she could hear the bang of his gate as he started out for some dinner engagement—a wonderful figure in a great black cloak and a wide-brimmed, high-crowned hat.

It was seldom that she saw him. To her own house he came sometimes about nine o'clock at night, and she went to bed at eight. Far down in the house she would hear the murmur of the voices, the occasional laughter. Ten would strike on the church clock outside, and then eleven, and then twelve. Then he would be going home. The front door would open and the voices would pour out into the night, and she would slip out of bed and creep across to the window to see the beam of light faintly illuminating the path, the dark bulk at the gate, the opening of the gate, the closing of the gate. He never called out "Good-night." She would stand holding her breath, with the edge of the curtain in her hand, until she heard, further along the road, the bang of the other gate. Then she would creep back into bed again. Lying thinking of him there, she made a discovery that shocked and grieved her: she loved him more than anyone in the world, more than she loved her father, more even than her mother.

One fine day as she was coming home from school at lunch time she found him standing at his gate.

"Hullo," he said, "I was looking out for you. I want you to do something for me."

What did he want her to do? To paint his woodcuts for him with colored inks, leaving a little white patch in the petal of every flower—oh, so carefully, with the brush on tip-toe—to keep the color bright! To run to the post? She was at his service.

"I want you to come to tea to-day. Will you?"

She beamed upon him.

"Sure you can? I want you particularly."

Of course she could come. Then doubt assailed her.

"Perhaps I'd better ask mother."

"All right. Run and ask her and fly back and tell me."

She ran. She flew. Across the gate she shouted to him in the garden.

"I can."

And now it was the golden hour of four on a June afternoon; golden the figures on the church clock; like golden dust the little flock of pigeons that circled above the roofs of the railway station. The road was hot and dusty.

Carefully she brushed her hair and tied her hair-ribbon. Thoroughly she washed her hands. It was time to go.

Tea, she found, was to take place in the front garden. A tablecloth had been spread upon the rough grass. On it stood three white cups, a pot of apricot jam, a plate of sturdy-looking rock-cakes, and a plate of very thick bread and butter. The rims of the slices lay strong and rectangular upon the plate, but the middles were flaked heaps of butter and bread.

"Ah," he said, shaking the hair out of his eyes, "you've come. I've been cutting bread and butter. How do people cut bread and butter?" He laid the knife beside the plate.

She said, "It always does that when I cut it, too."

Beside the white cloth was a wicker armchair with a cushion on it.

"You mustn't sit there," he said, "that's for somebody else. You and I will sit on the grass."

Obediently she sat on the grass. After a while a clock far off chimed the half-hour: Deedum, deedum—dumdee, deedum.

"We can't begin yet," he said. "I'll see if the kettle's boiling. Don't be bored. Make a daisy-chain or something."

As if she knew what boredom meant! Obediently she picked daisies for a daisy-chain. Making a daisy-chain would stain her thumb-nail green, and then she would no longer have clean hands for tea. However, it couldn't be helped.

Presently she heard the gate open behind her, and at the same moment he came hurrying out of the house with the kettle (a handkerchief wrapping its handle) in one hand, and a large black teapot in the other.

"You've come," he said; "we've been waiting hours for you."

A tall young woman with a very big black hat was at the gate. She wore a white blouse and a trailing black skirt, as lovely young women did ever so long ago, in the Age of Discretion.

She said, "I know, I'm sorry. I couldn't get away."

He put the teapot on the tablecloth, the kettle on the grass, and advanced to meet the advancing woman. The inclination of his head seemed to say some special thing to her, or perhaps it was the way he looked into her eyes. Anyhow, she smiled, and her dark eyes looked out of their corners. He did not stop shaking hands with her. He led her by the hand on to the grass to the big chair, and said again, "You've come."

As for the child, she was finishing her daisy-chain, stuffing the first head through the last stalk, a delicate proceeding, since a false movement will destroy the whole. She looked up and smiled when he spoke her name. The woman in the chair returned her smile, and that was all the notice she took of her.

"Look at the lovely bread and butter I cut you," he was saying. "Well, if you won't eat it the child will."

"I don't think I shall eat *all* of it," said the child, gently.

But they did not answer her. They were talking and laughing softly and rapidly, their voices threading



through one another, so that it was impossible to unravel what they said. The pot of jam and a cup of tea were put beside the child, and she was left to herself.

It did not matter. The afternoon was golden. High above the trees the midges were dancing. The doves in the gardens at the back were crooning like a running brook. She dug the spoon into the jam-pot, and when she had eaten as much as she wanted she licked her fingers. No one bothered about her. She did not mind that. Children often weren't talked to when grown-up people were in the room. It didn't matter. Only it was better if you were sitting in a window seat, so that you could drum with your heels, or breathe on one of the panes and draw faces with your finger. Then people took notice of you soon enough. She thought of her homework.

"I ought to go now and do my homework," she said at last, politely.

"Nonsense," he said. He was lying on the grass very comfortably, leaning on his elbow and looking up into the face of the lady in the chair. "You can't possibly go for hours. Where's that daisy-chain you were making?"

She held it out to him, the green, angular, drooping little string of flowers. He took it and put it on the lady's knee.

"A present for you."

"It will go on my hat," said the lady.

"I'll arrange it," said he, scrambling to his feet.

They had a little dispute about that, and the lady got her own way in the end. She took off the big hat and put the wreath of daisies round the crown.

"Now you won't be able to put it on again," he said. "You will have to stay here for ever."

"No, I shan't," said the lady; and they had another argument about that. In the end he said:

"Well, I suppose I shall have to fetch you a looking-glass."

He ran into the house and fetched a small, round mirror.

"I shave in this every morning," he said.

"Morning?" said the lady.

"Afternoon, if you insist," he said.

He held the mirror in front of her.

"I can't see a thing," she said.

She put her hands on the frame of the little mirror and tilted it backwards. "Now keep it like that," she said.

Apparently he could not keep it like that, and she had to put her hands over his and arrange it again. She did that several times.

"You know," she said, "it's frightfully unlucky to break a looking-glass. Do be sensible."

He held it properly then, and she took up the big black hat and pinned it on.

"That right?" she asked him.

Instead of replying he did a most idiotic thing. He pretended to try and kiss the lady in the looking-glass.

"Do be sensible," the lady said.

After that he stood the looking-glass on the cloth and took from his pocket a sketching-book and pencil. For about two minutes he pretended to draw the lady's portrait; but suddenly he tore the page across and drew a square instead. Then, with his eyes on the looking-glass, he attempted to draw a diagonal across the square. He had to try several times before he succeeded.

Then the lady, too, must have "a try at it"; but she was so "hopeless" that at last he had to put his hand over hers and guide her pencil.

"Oh, let me try," cried the child. They gave her the pencil. She was very nearly as bad as the lady; but she did succeed at last. "I've done it," she cried. But no one was listening. They were looking at one another's hands, and he was telling the lady her character and fortune from her palms; it was a very exciting fortune, apparently. They laughed a great deal over it.

"Just look at your heart line! Only look at it! Now, mine—"

"Oh, tell my fortune," said the child.

"You're too young to have a fortune," said he, looking kindly at the outspread palms, all the same.

"Let's see if there's an M. No, there isn't an M in either of them. Isn't that sad?"

"What's an M?" asked the child.

"M for marriage, dear child."

"Ought there to be one?" she asked him earnestly.

"Look at mine," he said. "Look at that line, and that and that." His palm was scored deeply and indubitably with an M.

Disconsolate, she gazed at the faint markings on her own. . . . If she didn't spread it quite so flat? . . . If she squeezed it a little? . . . But perhaps that would be cheating.

"I must go," said the lady, looking down at the little gold watch that was pinned on her breast. "I shall have to run all the way."

She snatched up her gloves and her sunshade and stood up beside her chair.

"I'll come with you," said he. "Not as far as the gate."

They laughed. He caught up his hat, the wide-brimmed hat with the punched-up crown, from the grass where he had thrown it.

"What about these?" The lady nodded at the tea-things and the cloth.

"Oh, they can stay where they are. No one will run away with them, and if they do it doesn't matter."

They hastened to the gate.

"I suppose I had better do my homework now," said the child.

"Yes, off you go," he cried gaily, waving his hat. They both waved to her.

SYLVIA LYND.

## Reviews.

### MODERN EUROPE.

*A History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919.* By G. P. GOOCH. (Cassell. 21s.)

It is now nearly thirty years since Lord Acton put Mr. Gooch among the most learned of contemporary historians; and the judgment of the last generation has been amply confirmed by our own. There are few subjects within the range of historical scholarship upon which Mr. Gooch is not competent to pronounce an opinion; and there are many upon which his opinion is as near finality as we can hope to attain. It is not merely that Mr. Gooch is learned and accurate, imaginative and tolerant. It is, above all, that he makes his work glow with the impress of a finely sensitive personality. Professor Bury may be more learned, Mr. Trevelyan more eloquent; but for the grasp of the ethos of a period Mr. Gooch is without equal among living English students.

This new volume has all his best qualities at their best. Though the book modestly professes to be no more than a continuation of Fyffe's admirable history, it is, in fact, a solid and original work, based throughout upon wide researches. There is no existing volume that can challenge it. The war proliferated a myriad histories of foreign policy. There were few American professors of European history who did not rush to produce their textbook; some of them have even written it more than once. But most of their work has already gone to the limbo which awaits such work. Fueter's admirable book apart, we have had no book which could seriously claim to be authoritative. It is the solid merit of Mr. Gooch's history, not merely that it can be read with pleasure, but also that its learning and fairmindedness make it come as near the truth as this generation can hope to do. The printed sources have been scrutinized with a care and an impartiality that are a credit to English scholarship. It will probably be long before we have another book of this kind so happily free from insular passion, at once so moderate and so wise.

Mr. Gooch begins with the Treaty of Berlin and ends with the Peace of Versailles. The crucial point of the book is, naturally enough, the period of armed neutrality which began with the accession of William II. Mr. Gooch brings out quite admirably the way in which the pre-war system of diplomacy became the natural beggetter of war. He shows

the conflict for unmeaning prestige, the habit of stumbling into an empire, the shifts and doubts and hesitations which characterized the Foreign Offices of Europe. The outline is firmly traced; and what is invaluable in the book is the clear impression it conveys of the personages concerned. Mr. Gooch obviously adopts the view that the war itself was not the result of deliberate machinations on the part of Germany. If he acquits M. Poincaré of a definite will to war, Germany comes out with a better bill of health than will satisfy the frenzied enthusiasts of the "National Review"; here, indeed, one is almost inclined to suggest that Mr. Gooch is too tender to France, for the memoirs of M. Paléologue indicate that French pressure on Petrograd was at a maximum intensity. Nor, one may urge, does he bring into quite adequate relief the fundamental problem of what would have happened if Lord Grey had insisted to Germany from the outset that he intended to fight; judges so good as Dr. Josef Redlich are of opinion that it would have prevented war. Upon the Peace Treaty Mr. Gooch is admirable. The one point he does not fully discuss is the relation of President Wilson to the secret treaties of the Allies. Mr. Lippmann has shown conclusively that the President knew of their existence at least in November, 1917, when they were published in America; and his failure to procure their abrogation, or, at least, modification, was one of the root causes of his failure at Paris. Let it be added that the personality of President Wilson is far more complex than appears in these pages; and Mr. Keynes's famous description is inadequate as a picture of him. The account of Mr. Lloyd George's activities at Paris would appear much more disingenuous in their Russian context if Mr. Gooch had utilized more fully Mr. Bullitt's own account of his mission. It is not, as Mr. Gooch says, "vacillation" on Mr. George's part; it was a piece of timid and tortuous hocus.

These are, of course, merely minor points where emphasis differs. A more general criticism would be derived from Mr. Gooch's disinclination to relate the system he depicts to the economic foundations upon which it rests. The activities of the Mannesmann brothers in Morocco, the scares deliberately created (as in 1909) by the armaments ring, the scramble for oil and rubber, the way in which in these, and things like these, the flag follows trade, are surely fundamental to the understanding of foreign policy. The duty imposed by England on palm-kernels exported from British West Africa, the economic spheres of interest in Persia, the methods used by the Powers to obtain predominance in China, all these are but examples of the way in which the economic structure of society is reflected in a predatory diplomatic system. Mr. Gooch does not, of course, neglect this aspect; but he is inclined to underestimate its influence in his interest in the play of personality.

With the conclusion at which he arrives, certainly no critical observer will be disinclined to agree. "The beginning of wisdom," he writes, "is to recognize that the survival of European civilization is bound up with the vitality and authority of a League of Nations embracing victors and vanquished alike within its sheltering aims." Mr. Gooch wrote those words four months ago. Since then France has embarked upon the Ruhr adventure, and the League has reached one of those turning-points in the history of institutions which make or mar their future. If the League can procure a settlement satisfactory to the Allies and Germany alike, it will survive; but Mr. Gooch would be the first to insist that, unless it act, it is without meaning to a world in confusion. The great lesson his admirable book enforces is the need for principle in the conduct of civilization; and the record of France in these four last years is the record of exactly that inattention to the well-being of Europe which was the main error of Germany in the period before the war.

H. J. L.

#### AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM.

**Definitions.** By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. (New York: Harcourt & Brace. \$2.)

NOWADAYS a good many books of literary criticism find their way to England from the United States. Few of them, indeed, are published here; probably England itself produces as much criticism as it can digest. But by ones and

twos, in the form of kindly gifts or stray review copies, they arrive. And, on the whole, they are exceedingly good. I think of Irving Babbitt and Stuart Sherman—master and disciple, but alike masters in the diagnosis of concealed romanticism—of Paul Elmer More, of Professor Prescott's examination into "the poetic mind," of Robert Morss Lovett and Philip Littell, of Kenneth Richmond and Gilbert Seldes, and of the dozen others there must be of whose work I have no personal knowledge; and it seems to me that, if it only could be organized and internally adjusted, if the moderns were a little less resolutely "modern" and the academics a little less resolutely suspicious of contemporary production, America would have at its service a very fine body of critics indeed.

To this body is now definitely added—in my own mind, I hasten to say, for I have no doubt that he has been an outstanding figure in the American critical scene for years—Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. "Definitions" is a good book; for the English critic, as curious as he is ignorant of the conditions of literary production in modern America, a very good book. For Dr. Canby is what I can best describe as a critical "realist." He accepts the facts of American literary production and literary interests, and he is interested in them. Popularity, sentimentality, the colossal vogue of the American journalistic magazine, the nature of the highly specialized form of the short story which provides so much of its contents, the recent acclimatization of the peculiarly English "critical weekly," the immense public for "nature-study" and "nature-stories" in America, the possibilities of reviving the old "family magazine" which was America's first great contribution to periodical forms—these are a few of the realities of literature in which Dr. Canby is deeply interested, and a few of the subjects upon which he succeeds in deeply interesting us. He is genuinely aware that the making of literature has an economic and practical side to it, and that its vitality to no small degree depends on the establishment of some sort of organic connection between demand and supply. He is naturally averse to the common assumption among "artists" and artistic critics that a popular literary demand must inherently be vicious; he believes that it is a mixture of good and bad, and he would like to discriminate between them.

This effort at discrimination is the process described in his title and his concluding essay as "definition." In itself the title is rather misleading, for Dr. Canby is not particularly interested in that precise dissection of a general term or of a particular piece of writing which is one of the finest and rarest and most specialized pleasures of literary criticism. And, indeed, it would be possible to read through his volume of essays without forming a conviction that his judgment, in a particular instance or on a particular book, would be certain. The particular cases by which we could test him are not there. Perhaps he instinctively avoids them. And, if we may judge by two brief reviews—of Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" and Hergesheimer's "Cytherea"—which he has included in his volume, it seems that his real gift lies in the formulation of more general considerations. This is not in the least paradoxical. The ability to sense a tendency, the gift of comprehensive vision of the literary scene, is very often positively hostile to the power of focusing one's reactions to a particular piece of literature. The knowledge of *where* it is may easily prevent a clear expression of the knowledge of *what* it is. Perhaps Dr. Canby is conscious of this. At all events, in those two reviews the background absorbs the object, the general consideration dissolves the particular reaction. But remove him one degree further from the particular, let him be considering and comparing the whole *œuvre* of a writer rather than a single book, and Dr. Canby is admirable. His comparison of Melville and Conrad is excellent:—

"Melville crossed the shadow line in his pursuit of the secret of man's relation to the universe; only magnificent fragments of his imagination were salvaged for his books. Conrad sails in an open sea, tamed by wireless and conquered by steel. Mystery for him lies not beyond the horizon, but in his fellow passengers. On them he broods. His achievement is more complete than Melville's; his scope is less. When the physicists have resolved, as apparently they soon will do, this earthy matter, where now with our implements and our machinery we are so much at home, into mysterious force as intangible as will and moral desire, some new transcendental novelist will assume Melville's task. The sea,



earth, and sky, and the creatures moving therein, will again become symbols, and the pursuit of Moby Dick be renewed. But now, for a while, science has pushed back the unknown to the horizon and given us a little space of light in the darkness of the universe. There the ego is for a time the greatest mystery. . . . It was Conrad's opportunity to brood upon the romance of personality at the moment of man's greatest victory over dark, external force."

Yet, though that is good, we cannot help preferring Dr. Canby when he is at the congenial work of charting the ocean of American literature. We come away from reading him with a sense of the main currents and tides, the chances of storm and fine weather, and the prospect of a likely landfall. And we feel that this is something worth having; because Dr. Canby does believe in his own country. Not in the least obstreperously, not with the faintest tinge of that "100 per cent. Americanism" which sometimes grates so stridently upon an English ear, not with any contempt or disloyalty to the common tradition of both nations, but with something to which he rightly avoids giving deliberate expression, something which reaches us as a fragrance rather than a challenge—an unobtrusive and genuine affection for his own country with all its faults and perversities.

After all, one is very soon tired of that American criticism which appears to spend all its energy in belaboring America. Comstocks and Chautauquas, engaging symbols at first, become boring when castigated *ad nauseam*. And the Englishman who reads Mr. Mencken's outbursts soon comes to the feeling that, although it might be very difficult for himself to survive if he were transplanted to the States, there must be something there to which Mr. Mencken is more blind than he would be. There is the fact that two million people in America buy one of the great journalistic magazines, whereas the only printed sheet that two million people can be found to buy in England is the "News of the World." That means something. But there is more than this element of indiscriminating keenness in the desire to know. In Dr. Canby's essays we get many glimpses of this something more, but in none, perhaps, is the glimpse more penetrating or more illuminating than in the essay called "Back to Nature." In it he most convincingly argues that the love of Nature, even to the point of an obsession with it, which is the continuous theme of so much American literature, which receives a perfect conscious expression in Thoreau and becomes so tremendous in Whitman, "is more than a mere reflection of a liking for the woods. It represents a search for a tradition, and its capture."

"It is the soundest and sweetest, if not the greatest and deepest, inspiration of American literature. In the confusion that attends the meeting here of all the races it is something to cling to; it is our own."

In that essay Dr. Canby reveals to us something that we knew and did not realize. We think of all the American books that have made a permanent impression upon us, from "Leaves of Grass" and "A Week on the Concord" to "Huckleberry Finn" and down to "Helen's Babies" and "Queechy," from those that are strong with Nature as a giant tree to those thin stories that are faintly fragrant with New England autumns and springs; then, again, of the advertisements for canoeing and camping parties with which the American magazines are filled; and we recognize that this instinctive love of Nature that pervades American literature, keeping great things potent and small things sweet, has, far more than the skyscraper or the sewing-machine, a right to be called distinctively American. It is, indeed, their own.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### THE MANTLE OF JOSEPH.

**Conflict and Dream.** By W. H. R. RIVERS. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book, which was finished but a few weeks before Dr. Rivers's death, is characterized by the lucidity, first-hand knowledge, and shrewd curiosity which mark all his published work. There is a complete absence of the fanaticism and unscientific immoderacy which spoil so many recent books on psychology. "Conflict and Dream" is largely occupied with the analysis of certain dreams experienced by Dr. Rivers himself, and much of the argument of the book is based

on this analysis. The fact that the dreams were those of the writer rather than of patients or acquaintances adds much to the interest of their analysis, especially when the writer is of so scientific and critical a habit of mind as was the author of this book. For it is rarely that one can be so familiar with the details of the life of another as with those of one's own life; though it is difficult truly to know even oneself.

Some of Dr. Rivers's main conclusions may be briefly summarized. He agrees with Freud that dreams have a serious meaning, and a direct bearing on our practical, everyday life, and are consequently capable of being "interpreted" and then used as an indication of character, tendencies, and conflicts; and, in the hands of the therapist, as a guide to treatment. He differs from Freud, however, in holding, firstly, that sex plays by no means the almost universal part which the latter assigns to it in the dream's hidden meaning and purpose; and, secondly, that it is not usually to the periods of infancy and childhood that we should look for the dream's explanation, but rather to the conflicts actually raging contemporaneously in the subject's daily life. At the same time, although holding that the experiences responsible for the dream are usually recent ones, Dr. Rivers is of opinion that the processes of the dream are the result of mental activity of an earlier period of life, often, indeed, of the period of infancy. He differs somewhat from Freud, also, in believing that a dream cannot normally be correctly described as the attainment or gratification of a wish, but rather as a subconscious attempt at the solution of a conflict.

All these beliefs and contentions are soberly discussed and defended in simple language and without dogmatism. The book, therefore, is one which anyone interested in the subject may read with advantage, however slight may be his familiarity with the new technical terms which make so many recent works on dreams and psycho-analysis caviare to the general.

At the same time, whilst expressing gratitude for the stimulating, thought-provoking qualities which "Conflict and Dream" shares with Dr. Rivers's other books, it must be confessed that in convincingness and intellectual conclusiveness it lacks the satisfying flavor of, for example, his "Instinct and the Unconscious." Dr. Rivers was always at his best when treating psychological problems biologically; and, in the present book, what we may call the biological line of thought is not prominent, apart from one of the appendices dealing with the biological utility of the dream; and this happens not to be a particularly good example of logical severity.

Recent writers on dreams have got into the habit of taking a lot for granted, and the subject is in some danger of becoming "established." The successive treatises on the psychology of dreams, in spite of their differences in detail, are in fundamental postulates as unquestioningly hereditary as is the long series of orthodox "Textbooks of Medicine." Is it certain, for example, that those parts of our minds that function during sleep "symbolize" with the crudity of the professional medium, using hats and umbrellas as polite anatomical euphemisms, as Freud holds; or as a sort of bright slang equivalent of civilian life, as Dr. Rivers suggests in interpreting a dream of his own? Indeed, is there yet any overwhelming evidence that dreams throw much new light on the springs of our waking conduct? Until we know much more about the way in which infants and young children think, and of what determines and guides the course of day-dreams, fancy, imagination, and invention, the science of dream-psychology is bound to be highly speculative. We have no clear view, nor is there any general agreement, even as to what "part" of our minds it is which goes out of action when we go to sleep. It would appear that a principal function of that "part" is one of inhibition, though clearly there is left awake, or partly awake, some faculty of selection, enabling us to pick and choose among the stores of memory such percepts and other items as will make a story; often whimsical and abnormal enough, yet frequently coherent, even when remembered in our waking state. Is it not likely that many of the phenomena normally attributed to deliberate symbolism on the part of the sleeper's mind are more truly to be regarded as alternative dramatizations, appropriate to an affect which, in waking life, has just been the emotional accompaniment of some quite other series of

events—a process parallel to rationalization? A given emotion, such as that of fear, which remains active after we fall asleep, may quite easily stir up from the depths any pictures with which that emotion has been at any stage of our life associated, even in imagination. It is not symbolism in this broad sense to which dream-psychologists refer when they use the term.

Moreover, the influence of internal sensations, even such as fail to pass the threshold of consciousness, on our emotional state is a matter of common experience. Most of our fits of depression and of exhilaration are, by general consent, traceable to this cause. It seems at least probable that, during sleep—when the other-time more powerful stimuli coming from the outer world are in abeyance—these visceral stimuli are even more potent determiners of our emotions. It is only in the presence of emotion that the faculty of dramatization functions; and the character of the drama or “fancy” is determined by the nature of the emotion—which, whether we are asleep or awake, spontaneously furnishes itself with episodes appropriate to itself. The exact phenomenal forms of these imaginary episodes are naturally built up from the stores of our past thoughts and experiences—in our waking moments arranged under the corrective restraint effected by the impact of the external world on our senses; in sleep arranged without this restraint.

Is not, indeed, whatever may have been their function in the earlier history of our race, the whole doctrine of the present-day purposiveness of dreams a mere assumption? Many of our current activities are, undoubtedly, biologically indifferent. That is not to say that they are causeless; but, in our reaction from the mechanical view of life which dominated so many minds in the middle of the last century, are we not in danger of getting back to an attitude comparable with that of Paley’s “Evidences”? A writer, without any material change in his own outlook or psychological make-up, is often capable of producing works of imagination differing from one another as much as do any two dreams of the most diverse persons. From such dreams, psycho-analysts would be apt to draw definite and very different inferences as to the psychology of the dreamer. Yet there seems, *prima facie*, no reason for regarding dreams as more revelatory than are works of art or any other creations of the daytime fancy.

H. R.

#### EGYPTIAN ART.

**Egyptian Art: Introductory Studies.** By JEAN CAPART. Translated by WARREN R. DAWSON. Illustrated. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)

THE extraordinary craze for Egyptology, aroused among the general public recently by the discoveries at Luxor and their announcement in the Press, must have proved a boon to many modest and hard-working scholars who have made the subject a lifelong study. Any professor, or even any intelligent amateur, who has cared to offer a lecture on the Tombs of the Kings, has been sure of an audience eager to learn something of Egypt from those who have always been ready to teach, but who have never before found an atmosphere so favorable for teaching. And books on Egyptian art have also had a large sale. The present moment is, therefore, most opportune for the publication in an English translation of this volume by Dr. Capart, who has become known to the newspaper-reading public as one of the experts present at Tutankhamen’s tomb, as the cicerone of the Queen of the Belgians there, and as a spirited defender of Lord Carnarvon’s system of publicity. His portrait has even appeared in the illustrated Press, and long before the name of Tutankhamen became a catchword Dr. Capart was recognized as one of the leading figures in Egyptology. In 1903 he was appointed Professor of Ancient Art and Archaeology in Brussels and Liège simultaneously. Since then he has published many books on Egyptian art, of which one, at least, has been translated into English. The present volume comprises the introductory chapters of a much larger work, “*Leçons sur l’Art égyptien*,” published in Liège in 1920, but even then limited by post-war conditions to a less extensive form than the author had originally contemplated. As the translator explains in his preface,

Dr. Capart has adopted a novel method of treatment of this well-worn subject. Instead of producing one of the usual “catalogues of known works of art arranged in chronological order, or disconnected studies of special points,” he has probed “deeply into the question of origins and motives,” and has composed his work on “thoroughly evolutionary lines.” And in the selection of illustrations the “unnecessary duplication” of subjects already well-known has been avoided.

He begins with the inevitable description of Egypt and its characteristic features, quoting extensively from Maspero, and giving an admirable picture of that wonderful and unchanging land. The second chapter is concerned with royal chronology as established by, or deduced from, monuments and papyri. Reasons are given accounting for the preservation of so many temples in the Nile Valley and the disappearance of so many in the Delta. Chapter III. is a study of pre-dynastic Egypt, and summarizes Petrie’s remarkable deductions from early funerary vases. The next chapter deals with “the First Pharaonic Monuments,” and has as its moral the comparative stagnation of art-development after the early dynasties. Then follow studies of architectural hieroglyphs, of the different types of funerary shrines and stelæ, and of the various materials used in building, including an excellent description of the cumbrous brick scaffolding. Chapters VII and VIII. are entitled “Forms in Architecture,” among which may be mentioned pylons, polygonal and floral columns. The development of “lotus” and “papyrus” capitals from their respective natural derivatives is traced according to Borchardt’s new theory. The origin of the basilica in the hypostyle hall is noted, and the upward slope of temple floors from the entrance is discussed. But may not the latter be explained as an attempt to enhance the effect of a vista, as in the well-known *Scala Regia* by Bernini in the Vatican, thousands of years later? Chapter IX. contains some ingenious theories: that only temples and tombs were very heavily built, being designed for eternity and perhaps consciously “deformed” to that end, as Dr. Capart says, whereas houses, which had only to last a lifetime, were of light and graceful form; and that for similar reasons figures were carved in stone or granite (which admitted of no detached limbs or free poses) if intended to last for ever, but otherwise were treated with far more freedom in wood or bronze. The next chapter, of intense interest to all students of Art, treats of the “Conventions of Egyptian Drawing,” and discusses architectural plans and elevations, figure-drawing, landscape, the grouping of figures, and the proportions of the human body. It is strange to read that these early craftsmen must have had recourse to books of rules both for architectural types and for human figures! The last chapter raises the tempting question of Egyptian ideas of beauty, and then tantalizingly fails to answer it. The author does not make the best of what should be the most valuable and interesting of his studies.

The translation is confessedly literal, but not always clear, and frequently erratic in regard to architectural terms. What are the “highest years” of a king’s reign (p. 40)? And should a statue be destined “to be stood” in a niche (p. 140)? The pictures are admirable, chosen for the most part from unusual sources, but the lack of any references to them in the text is annoying to a reader. Otherwise, this is an excellent book, and particularly welcome at the present time.

M. S. BRIGGS.

#### SHORT STORIES.

**Little Life Stories.** By Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

**Speed the Plough.** By MARY BUTTS. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

**The Primrose Path.** By ARTHUR MILLS. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

FEW would deny Sir Harry Johnston the title of being a wonderful man, of heroic mould even, and one of those rare growths whose stature will not diminish with the passing of our generation. His versatility is amazing, and to everything he does he brings a richness and freshness of personality which we welcome the more because it is so extremely rare in the spheres and positions he has occupied. And when



it comes to these short stories, there assuredly is Sir Harry Johnston in the midst of them. There he is, but where the short stories are is rather a different matter. The "life stories" practically come to a set of objective statements laid out in separate beds. There is a group of Twistinglasers, one of whom believed her son was a young Messiah, but really, in spite of his looks, he was only a creditable investigator, and he died on the morning of his birthday through a cut when he was dissecting a tiger. There is an ex-convict, imprisoned for burglary at Callers Castle, the seat of the Duke of Dumbarton, who makes a fortune in Africa and negotiates with the Duke to buy an estate. There is young Frederick of the Hathergills, who seduced the vicar's daughter, contracted another alliance, and was very much upset at her death in France during the war. The whole book might be a record of certain distinguished families, each with a memorable history, which Sir Harry had rubbed against during the course of a long and varied career. They are well told, and there is a good deal of Sir Harry's knowledge of the world and the sciences and most other things put into them.

The first of Miss Mary Butts's short stories—"Speed the Plough"—was included in the anthology "Georgian Stories, 1922," and excited (so the publishers tell us) much interest and curiosity. That is now satisfied by a volume of them, which we have diligently read without being one penny the wiser than when we started. Miss Butts possesses a peculiar style of her own (known as "modern"), which appears to consist in using terms and phrases as nobody has ever used them before. That may be a title to great artistry, but until we duller folk possess a key or glossary to the idiom of "Speed the Plough" we must leave it at the hypothetical.

There is no difficulty in understanding Mr. Mills, either his style or his method. You invent a situation or event, a golf match, a great race, a gambling match with high stakes, an opium-trafficking Chinaman, a snake which tears out people's throats in a steamy, tropical atmosphere, a skilful robbery on a Continental express, a dose, properly adulterated, of the underworld, and sketch in the usual characters accordingly. Everything, in fact, depends upon the invention; the rest, at any rate in the hands of so good and experienced a stage-manager as Mr. Mills, writes itself. The reader has the advantage of knowing that all will come right in the end, which, of course, results in putting a premium upon the natural unlikelihood of its ever coming right. That helps the author, or, at least, takes the strain off him, and so it all comes round to the invention again, not so much the type and character of it, which must follow familiar paths, but, so to speak, its ticklishness. And in this essential Mr. Mills acquits himself very creditably.

## Foreign Literature.

### TWO GERMAN INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHERS.

Oswald Spengler und die intuitive Methode in der Geschichtsforschung. By OTTO SELZ. (Bonn: Friedrich Cohen.)

Graf Hermann Keyserling. By RENATUS HUFFELD. (Bonn: Friedrich Cohen.)

By this time it is rather a commonplace to say that the two most talked-of and influential books published in Germany since the war are Oswald Spengler's "Untergang des Abendlandes" and Graf Hermann Keyserling's "Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen." The first was discussed in THE NATION on November 13th, 1920; the second, in a general article by Mr. Edward Dent on Keyserling's philosophy, in THE ATHENÆUM on February 11th, 1921. Both Spengler and Keyserling have greatly added to their writing since. Last July there appeared a second, equally ponderous volume of the "Untergang," while Keyserling has gone ahead with his "School of Wisdom," until a large amount of literature has accumulated around it. As a result there must be a good many people who, although realizing the importance of

both works, yet hesitate to make their acquaintance—two thick volumes in each case—without an introduction.

For such readers these two slim brochures, recently published, come at an opportune moment. Both were originally lectures, a form which makes for clearness. There is a reserve of wide reading and criticism behind both of them which one would scarcely suspect from their brevity. In his critical exposition of Spengler's theories Professor Selz first calls attention to their antecedents. The rather flamboyant Foreword to the "Untergang" may have led some people to imagine that here was something entirely new in historical philosophy. This is hardly the case. Without underrating the patience and all-embracingness of knowledge with which Spengler has gone about his work of elaborating a method for the interpretation of universal history, the critic is bound to establish a certain similarity to the theories of other philosophers and infer a certain indebtedness accordingly. Professor Selz does not mention the influence of Heraclitus—and Spengler began his academic career in 1904 with a thesis on the Heraclitic philosophy—nor does he deal, except in one brief reference, with the obvious parallels between Spengler's arguments and Goethe's philosophy, which, in its turn, owed much to the Greek fatalist. It is more in accordance with the limits of his title that he should, after briefly discussing the efforts which have been made to unify historical science as physical science is unified—Ranke along the lines of unifying "leading ideas," Marx by postulating the universal economic motive, and so forth—it is more in accordance with his aim that he should quickly turn from these to a consideration of the basis of Spengler's method and its points of contact with the views of contemporary philosophers. A method of studying historical phenomena—so might run Spengler's preliminary argument—is to be discovered, extending the method implicit in Hegel's philosophy of history. To expect it, however, to be modelled on the methods of strict scientific investigation would be absurd. Historical phenomena—and Rickert and Windelband had emphasized this before Spengler—differ from physical phenomena in being *einmalig*, incapable of exact repetition. In dealing with the soul and mind of man—in this connection Spengler rejects scientific psychology and ignores psycho-analysis—you can never get back to the elements, as you can in a chemical experiment. Life, proceeding inexorably, grows different with the passage of every moment. Hence Spengler "draws the conclusion, completely in agreement with Bergson"—whose influence, by the way, he denies altogether—"that the life of the individual is not accessible to the abstract thinking of the reason, but only to sensuous perception (*Anschauung*), to intuition. . . . The basic method of historical investigation must be a contemplative, an intuitive one."

Anyone who glances at the comparative tables of the world's civilizations drawn up in Volume I. of the "Untergang des Abendlandes," will be inclined to doubt whether this intuitive method has been very consistently applied. The analogies and the differences—and it is Spengler's originality that he has emphasized the latter—between the various civilizations are set out with a dogmatic rigidity and exactitude more proper to the statement of a chemical experiment. A little more examination, however, shows that, despite appearances to the contrary, Spengler's method is really intuitive. His fundamental distinction between the ancients and the present day, between the Apollinian and the Faustian type, shown chiefly in their differing interpretation of time, the first having no conception of infinity, the latter being, on the contrary, dominated by it, is one which imagination and not science has elaborated. Unlike Bergson, whose optimism is derived from the course of the evolution of the species, Spengler argues from the life-history of the individual, with an upward curve and then a downward. Human existence, metaphorically stated, is not a spiral, but a series of parallel lines, different civilizations, unrelated, so far as we can tell, but all going uphill and then down. This is the result not so much of observation—for archaeologists could probably catch him out in several of his facts—as of *Einfühlung*, a common word in contemporary German philosophy. But imaginative perception, although of great value, may not be all that the universal historian requires; and it remains to be seen whether the title one of his admirers has accorded Spengler—"the greatest intuitive historian of

our time"—will ultimately be considered quite as full a eulogy as it sounds.

Spengler's work, for all his intuitive method, has the appearance of an exact science. With Keyserling, on the other hand, we sail far out into the uncharted sea of feeling and impression. The author of the "Reisetagebuch" wished his book to be read as a novel, and that, Professor Hupfeld says, is exactly what it is—a *Bekennnisroman*. Its chief concern is with religion as an individual thing rather than as something giving expression to this or that civilization. Spengler tends to approach the individual from the periphery, the unit of civilization; Keyserling works outwards, from the individual to the race or nation. Professor Hupfeld gives an admirable summary of Keyserling's book, then deals with his method. Much more than Spengler's it may be described as intuitive, in debt to Bergson, also the Pragmatists. Keyserling wants to build up an aristocracy of intellect, and, without unduly despising material things, bring about a new, unmaterialistic social order. For giving the lead to this, neither England nor her extreme opposite, Russia, is fully competent. Germany can effect the necessary synthesis by coming into closer contact with Eastern thought and philosophy. Should the attempt fail, the downward trend of Western civilization must be rapid and disastrous. Thus, the two intuitive philosophers complement each other. The first, in spite of his disavowal of the term "fatalist" or "pessimist," points to the inevitable decay of European culture; the second preaches a way of escape. Whatever view thinkers and preachers and teachers may take about either, there is no doubt about the influence they have both exercised on German thought since November, 1918.

### Books in Brief.

**Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe.** By E. G. HARMAN. (Ouseley. 12s. 6d.)

THIS work is, to some extent, supplementary to the same author's "Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon." Whether one's mental indicator is swung round from Nashe as the writer of Nashe's works to Bacon, or not, by the logical powers brought to bear upon it, it is a real literary recreation that is here available. Mr. Harman has chosen many remarkable passages in the course of demonstrating the many-sidedness of Nashe or "Nashe," forming, indeed, an anthology, as also of Harvey, that odd encyclopædia of a man. He draws attention to the "Northumberland manuscript," a document discovered in Northumberland House in 1867, and published in 1870 by Spedding. It is an outside sheet for a packet of MSS., c. 1597, bescribbled in an apparently whimsical way, the writer bringing in the names of Bacon, Shakespeare, and Nashe in contiguity, with repetitions. Spedding gave his opinion that the *disjecta membra* were the work of some clerk or casual penman trying a pen. Mr. Harman's transcript certainly warrants his notion that there was something remarkable about the penman, and that he was trying, not a pen, but a set of passing thoughts about Bacon, Shakespeare, and Nashe. He says the writer must have been Bacon.

**Oppressed Peoples and the League of Nations.** By NOEL BUXTON and T. P. CONWIL-EVANS. (Dent. 6s.)

MR. NOEL BUXTON and his collaborator have very happily blended sympathy with sanity in a field where sympathy can easily run well away from facts. The existence of minorities—racial, linguistic, religious—is, under systems of sovereignty, inevitable, and the utmost the League of Nations, or any other Court of Appeal, can effect, is the enactment and the fair execution of measures guaranteeing equal justice to the dominating section and the dominated. Can the League discharge successfully a function on which President Wilson, among others, based high hopes? Mr. Buxton and Mr. Evans clearly believe it can, and in their discriminating review of what has already been achieved appreciation finds a larger place than censure. Even so, one or two of the criticisms go a little beyond the facts. It would

undoubtedly be well, as the writers suggest, if the League of Nations established a Permanent Minorities Commission analogous to its Permanent Mandates Commission. But it is not quite accurate to say that a manifest abuse may go unchecked unless one of the Council members is specifically instructed by his own Government to raise a question on it. The Council has, in effect, created a permanent sub-committee of three of its own number, charged with scrutinizing all grievances of substance and bringing them, if the facts justify it, before the whole Council. That arrangement works reasonably well. The writers approve the mandate system, and where they criticize it do so with discernment. Their appeal for League protection for Armenia and Korea has, unhappily, small hope of response.

**An Old Castle, and Other Essays.** By C. T. WINCHESTER. (Macmillan. 14s.)

THE title-piece of the late Professor Winchester's volume, as a lecture, was delivered three hundred times to his American students. There is nothing remarkable about it in print, but plenty of good humor and veneration for the mighty dead. Mr. H. W. Nevins, who has written an introduction, refers to the "quiet good sense" of Winchester's critical papers. There might be a student here and there among the audience who would wish the Professor to launch out into less normal seas of thought, to estimate such writers as Young a little more intrusively in an essay dealing with the "Literature of the Age of Queen Anne." But, sticking to simpler exposition, he tells the multitude, who thoroughly enjoyed their instruction, how "our friend Dick Steele was too often in his cups, and gave Mr. Addison has been known to keep him company," and that Pope's poetry may have been very different from Shelley's or Browning's, but, all the same, "it has finish."

### From the Publishers' Table.

THE Conway Memorial Lecture given by Mr. John Drinkwater on March 21st, with the title "The Poet and Communication," has been published as a bibelot by Messrs. Watts (2s.). The said title suggests reflections on Mr. Squire's recent inclusion in the broadcasting programme, but actually Mr. Drinkwater's essay is concerned with the creative artist and his perpetual problem, "How to put it over."

AMERICAN bibliopoles have constructed a somewhat wonderful world of their own, and the specimen days among them, which Mr. Guido Bruno has lately depicted in "Adventures in American Bookshops," have a curious appeal as casual reading. The little book, published at Detroit by the Douglas Book Shop, is a gallery of distinctive personalities and a fund of anecdotes. Not only deals in books occur: even an American soldier enters the arena of unique items, offering for sale "the embalmed finger of a German general." What a hope!

MR. BOHUN LYNCH is editing "Isles of Illusion: Letters from the South Seas," to be published by Messrs. Constable.

"SHIP-MODELS," in an edition of 1,000 numbered copies, a work by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, is announced by "The Studio." The reproductions, 120 in monotone and eight in color, are intended to be representative of the finest models of sailing ships in public and private collections throughout the world. The book is to be sold at three guineas.

THE world of periodicals is wide. In the large and sumptuous annual "The Advertiser's A.B.C.," just published for the thirty-seventh year, Messrs. T. B. Browne have provided a practical geography of it. The address of the firm is 163, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 4.

MEANWHILE, new magazines arise. "Jewish Life," a monthly publication, began on March 1st. It is printed in English and Yiddish, and is to concern itself largely with



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## A GLANCE AT THE WORLD.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

HAVING passed through the mill of Truth, survived the nausea of war, and achieved a philosophy during the chaotic aftermath of so-called peace, my natural inclination is to drink when I want, love when I will, and sleep when I wish.

In its exuberant virility, however, the new generation is likely to be more exacting. So, on its behalf, let us glance at the mentality of the governments of the world during and after the great stambles. What do we discover? This! None of the governments of Europe could wage war efficiently—every war government has fallen—and none of the post-war governments have been able to make peace—and so every post-war government has fallen.

What is wrong with the governments of the world, since they can make neither War nor Peace? The evil is that the politicians are too old. Did they fight or suffer—these politicians, these money-makers, these vituperative talking machines? Tens of millions of young men of all nations have shed their blood in vain, and now that the holocaust is over, the European politicians who have suffered nothing but an occasional twinge of gout or indigestion, refuse to shake hands with their mouthy adversaries.

The world wants Peace. This is the fifth year after the Armistice. The mentality of the governments of Europe is old and decadent. The new generation has grown up and passed them; it concedes merely a contempt for these derelicts of the nineteenth century. The unslaughtered and guiltless boys of England are willing to shake hands with the unslaughtered and guiltless boys of Germany. The University students of the whole world are willing to meet and welcome each other.

Let the old men of Europe summon the remnants of their wisdom and stand aside to pay homage to the new spirit. We will forgive them their vicious trespasses, and discharge their iniquitous liabilities, so long as their carcasses no longer encumber the path of progress.

This is merely a stupid, corrupt, and impotent historical phrase. The present generation of old political rulers will all be dead in about ten years. Hence there is still hope for the world. The schoolboys and undergraduates of to-day will be the rulers of to-morrow. Then will be seen the real spirit and progress of the twentieth century.

I feel awfully ashamed of myself for not having said one word of Pope and Bradley's excellent trousers. They must be good, otherwise I couldn't afford not to write about them. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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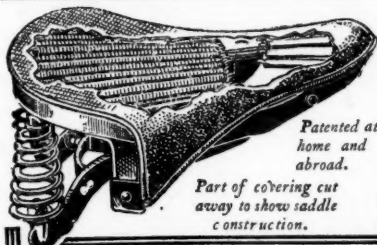
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## Everyday Science & Radio News.

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Jewish poetry, literature, and art. From Cyprus arrives "Chronicle Cyprie," a miscellany on the island's history, chiefly printed in Greek. From the "Ludo Press" (24, Buckingham Street, Strand) the first number of "The Maskerpiece" has been launched. This singular magazine edited by Mr. Sivori Levey, supplies many photographs which would prove inspiring to political orators. Mr. Levey has also founded "The Browning Magazine"—but Browning always was enigmatical.

IN "Music and Letters" for April Mr. Dent discusses Hans Pfitzner and his work, and Mr. H. R. Rivers Moore has a note upon "The Wireless Transmission of Music." "The Library" contains a bibliographical paper, by Mr. Harry Farr, upon the printers and publishers of Shakespeare's poems, and of "Hamlet." "Broom" for March is in the "Broom" tradition, and contains nothing about Shakespeare, for instance; "Tempo," "S4N," and "Secession" also reel before us into the dim future.

THE stores of Leigh Hunt papers are not yet altogether charted. In a catalogue of autographs just produced by Messrs. Dobell, a great many of his letters to Marianne are offered for sale, with many others; and, in addition, there occur several letters addressed to him. This list is copious, and includes many volumes of manuscript, heraldic, poetical, diaristic, topographical.

MESSRS. DOBELL'S 314th book-list has many entries under "Byron," whose centenary draws near. Mr. Thorp of Guildford issues Part III. of his long catalogue, which threatens to break records; this instalment extends from "Napoleon" to "Travel." Mr. Gorfin (Lewisham) displays his customary choice of the moderns, interspersed with occasional ancients

## Art.

### MR. JOHN AND MR. FRY.

As representing the most naturally gifted and the most learned of our artists, the exhibitions of works by Mr. Augustus John, A.R.A., at the Alpine Club Gallery, and Mr. Roger Fry, at the Independent Gallery, may be said to bristle with comparisons too marked to be invidious. The broadest distinction between them is one which exists in every kind of artistic activity, being that between the work of art as a consequence and as an aim. You have only to glance at the slightest work of Mr. John to see that he is before everything interested in the acts of drawing and painting themselves; in the whole work of Mr. Fry there is no indication that he regards these acts as anything but means to an end. Ignorant of the histories of both artists, one would assume that the little Augustus began by making marks on paper, and the little Roger saw visions, dreamed dreams, and invented compositions while his fingers were as yet innocent of pencil. One fine day the harassed elders of the little Augustus observed that the child was spoiling paper to some purpose; correspondingly, those whose pleasure and privilege it was to record the sayings of the little Roger exclaimed: "The Professor can also draw!" Thenceforward, one may suppose, the little Augustus was, with infrequent success, admonished to finish what he began, and the little Roger was encouraged to do better and better justice to his interesting ideas. As time went on, selections, but not by him, were made from among the more complete drawings and paintings of Augustus and called "pictures"; while Roger, taking pains, was rewarded by finding more and more ease and pleasure in the actual exercise which recorded his ideas. One can well imagine the delight with which Roger, now grown and read, discovered that his ideas were purely æsthetic, the trembling eagerness with which he batten upon the treeness of the tree. For a time the mere acts of drawing and painting were almost forgotten—if, indeed, they did not become rather

a bore—in zeal for significant form; but, with the formulation of a complete æsthetic philosophy, they were taken up again with renewed pleasure at their easier application to the simplified purpose. Meanwhile, Augustus—went on drawing and painting.

But these are assumptions. What is certain is that the pictures by Mr. John, at the Alpine Club Gallery, proceed from the acts of drawing and painting as the form of a tree proceeds from its growth. They are works of art only by the fulfilment of the exercises involved in them; and as a tree may be well- or ill-formed according to freedom or checks to its growth, so they are better or worse according to the conditions of drawing and painting from which they proceed. There is no improving them by anything akin to the art of topiary. That their patterns are laid up in the mind of the artist is no more than saying that the pattern of a tree is laid up in Heaven; there is no more credit in the one case than there is in the other; the most we can do is, assuming the pattern from the growth, to say whether or not the growth is fulfilled. Moreover, just as the pattern in Heaven may be supposed to be not arbitrary, like a template, but to allow for varying conditions of soil, climate, situation, and company, as well as for the relation of energy to substance which results in form, so we may assume that the pattern in the mind of the artist will allow for the varying conditions in which the acts of drawing and painting are pursued. If, as in "Symphonie Espagnole," Mr. John draws and paints in the shade of El Greco with a musical motive, it is not surprising that the forms should be elongated and even distorted. But the point is that these modifications of the pattern are not, or do not seem to be, deliberate. They proceed from the response of the drawing and painting to the general conditions in which the pattern was conceived.

Perhaps a musical illustration will make this clearer. Teachers of singing are accustomed to tell their pupils to keep the voice "on the breath." That is to say, instead of producing the notes, as may easily and accurately be done, by conscious muscular effort in the vocal organ, the singer is encouraged to breathe out the tune and let the vocal organ take its chance in contriving the proper pitch of the notes. The result, for a time, is not only a distressing wobble or tremolo, but occasional faulty intonation; and the singer, with a perfectly good ear, for the first time in his life sings out of tune. He has to be worse before he can be better; but the advantage, with improved control of the breathing, is not only a purer tone, but a flexibility which enables the voice to respond to every shade of emotion affecting the breathing itself. For the partial and, so to speak, opinionated, response of the vocal organ there is substituted the response of the whole human organism. Only so can the singer "get himself into his voice" and his singing become, as we say, expressive. Reflection will show that a similar process takes place in educating the novice in any sport or game, from casting a fly to golf or cricket. Always he has to be worse before he can be better. A partial perfection has to be undone in favor of what may fairly be called a "larger synthesis" of the powers and faculties, with the substitution of organic truth for mechanical accuracy; and when he brings it off we say, not "Nicely calculated," but "Played, sir!"

So it is with drawing and painting as pursued by an artist like Mr. John. They are not so much the deliberate application of means to end as the pursuit of means, with the end in view, no doubt, on their own terms and for their own sakes. The work of art, like the game in cricket, is a consequence of what is done. The parallel might be pushed closer, and the design of the work compared to the variable placing of the side according to the conditions of play. Often, too, the minor exercises of such an artist might be compared to that knocking of the ball about which may or may not rise to the dignity of the game. But, in any case, the essence of the game is not placing the side, but knocking the ball about; and the essence of the work of art is drawing and painting. The risks, in either case, are pretty much the same, and it cannot be denied that Mr. John often puts



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# THE CLAIM OF THE HUNGRY

There is no one who reads these words who would carelessly refuse to help any fellow human being whom they knew definitely to be hungry. There are continued claims upon all who are able to give to those who need—claims which none of us wish even, to refuse. But we often lack the imagination which would bring home to us the circumstances of those who are far distant.

We should not dream of withholding food from the beggar who calls at our door, providing that we are convinced of his need.

In Germany a terrible condition of undernourishment and disease—notably Tuberculosis—obtains, especially among the children. The professional classes also—Doctors, Artists, Professors, Musicians, etc., people whose income does not rise with rising prices, are suffering terrible privation. (Relief in Germany is being administered by the Friends' Council for International Service.)

In Pugachev in Russia, there are thousands who *are* starving as you read these words—probably dying. Dr. M. D. Mackenzie, who investigated the district, has left no doubt of this, and it now rests with us as to how far we can save those who are threatened.

When human beings are in such extremity it is not for any one of us either to stand aloof or to spend our energies in apportioning blame. There can be but one course for us, it is to

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up an easy catch; but the risks have to be taken, and the imperfections of Mr. John's work are inherent in the nature of the exercises which produce them, as, to go back to the musical simile, faulty intonation is inherent in keeping the voice "on the breath." In "Symphonie Espagnole" and the portrait of "Madame Suggia," at any rate, not to speak of some of the paintings of heads, such as "A Gitano" and "The Gitana," Mr. John may be said to have carried his bat through, and we are justified in saying "Played, sir!"

The works by Mr. Roger Fry, at the Independent Gallery, involve an entirely different conception of the artistic process. Which is the right one need not be argued, but the very nature of the artistic impulse, in all the arts, will be conceived of differently according to the view which is taken. Here, the drawing and painting are definitely applied to a preconceived design. It might be going too far to say that the work of art could exist without the drawing and painting, though that is the logical conclusion of the theory of art implied; but, at any rate, you could, as you could not in the work of Mr. John, give separate marks for the design and for the execution. The credit, if credit were the question, belongs rather to Mr. Fry. For one thing, he takes a more obvious risk. With the work of art as an aim conceived by the mind in visual terms, and whether the conception be naturalistic or significant in form, you commit yourself to a manual obedience that anybody can judge; and worse discrepancies would pass unnoticed in the work of Mr. John than the right forearm and hand which jump to the eye in "Portrait of Mme. M. Muter." If you aim, you must hit or miss, whereas the aim of a drive is more or less where it lands. Eye and hand are both concerned in both cases, but the difference is in their relation. It is the difference between adjustment and concurrence. What we admire in the work of Mr. Fry is precisely the niceness of the adjustment to design which is both significant and graceful, and, in "Mme. Muter," rises to a certain grandeur. A weakness in the æsthetic theory is suggested by "Villas and Vineyards," which is painted "on the breath," as if the hand of the artist had made the running against his will. Track it down, and the difference between Mr. John and Mr. Fry is that old one between Gothic and Classic; between the design proceeding and the design substantiated. For all his Italian sympathies, Mr. John is a Gothic artist, while the spiritual home of Mr. Fry is in the Renaissance.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

## The Drama.

### A STAGE-PLAY.

Playhouse: "Magda" By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Louis N. Parker.

ALTHOUGH "Magda" may have come as an intoxicating relief to the wishy-washy drama of expiring Victorianism, it would be very hard to mistake it for a masterpiece to-day. Not only have Col. Schwartz's ideas about filial duty become as picturesque in their remoteness as the patriarchal government of Abraham; but it has become perfectly impossible to regard that empty-headed, impudent little *cabotine*, Magda, as the effective champion of a revolt against any tyranny whatever. It may not be the fault of Sudermann that Col. Schwartz has become historical; it is his fault that Col. Schwartz is dead. It means that Col. Schwartz can never have been very much alive. Magda might appeal to us more if she were less of a "fat part," an opportunity for an actress to empty out her whole bag of tricks, comedic and tragic, and more of a woman with a character, even if a trivial one, of her own.

This play might really be better if it were worse. Were it unambitiously a contribution to the repertoire of leading ladies with a reputation for versatility and emotional force, it might not be thrilling, but it would not be harassing. Unluckily a Sudermann cannot turn out a play that has not enough point to keep the spectator awake, and so the defects of "Magda" become a positive annoyance. It is of little use to see clearly the ideas and motives and weaknesses of a Schwartz or a Magda, a Marie or a von Keller, if no spark of sympathy for any one of them is shown from the first act to the last. We are at a loss to know how to describe this hard, capable, limited analysis. It is not profound, for there is no profundity where there is no sympathy; it is not elevating, for it is too drably depressing; it is not pessimistic, for pessimism is poetic; and it is not cynical, for cynicism is amusing. This is taking the play on its best side, its shrewdness and energy. To turn to the worse, the stogy, side, is to shiver. Like nearly all the "well-made" plays of the 'nineties, it seems as though it would never get started; its curiously contorted construction, which makes the one scene we really want to see, Magda's explanation with her father, take place "off," suggests Ibsen viewed through a distorting mirror; its *coup de théâtre* of Schwartz's fatal seizure is a *coup manqué* because so long awaited; its comic relief is of unashamed crudity, and its assumption that there is something fascinating about the Bohemian disorder and insolence of a *prima donna's* life, as it is vulgarly believed to be, betrays the provincial imagination. Decidedly, this is no masterpiece.

Since, however, it is before all things an actors' play, what of the acting? Mr. Shaw has recorded for the future how the late Sarah Bernhardt got an amazing amount of her amazing cleverness into it, and how Duse wrapped it tenderly in the poetry of her personality. Miss Gladys Cooper hardly aspires to these tricks of talent and genius. But it is impossible to watch without hearty sympathy Miss Cooper's resolve to conquer the kingdom of tragedy, after exhausting the fun of being always the fairy princess; and even at those moments when she seems to us to be all at sea in "Magda" we admire her courage in throwing herself into the waves. Perhaps we might admire it less if we had not the strong conviction that she is going to come out victorious in the end. Her acting in the tender scenes at Magda's first appearance was a glimpse of potentialities which she has not yet succeeded in translating at will into actuality. In the later scenes, though there was beauty and pathos in flashes, there was too much faith in violence, and a bothering reminiscence (perhaps quite unconscious) of some of Mrs. Campbell's peculiarities of enunciation.

Mr. Franklin Dyall's Col. Schwartz is really a case for crying "Beaver!" With half that enormous beard his performance would be doubly effective; for he is an actor of patient detail, and detail is smothered in all that whisker. He is also an imaginative and romantic actor, and when set down to a Col. Schwartz, instead of a Lear or a Borkman, is prevented from giving us his best, though he cannot fail in giving us something strong. Mr. William Stack's Pastor Heffterdingk is a curious case of triumph over self-imposed difficulties. Mr. Stack's impersonation suggests a belief that every clergyman is by nature a replica of the Private Secretary. The agonizing problem then is: How make a dignified and touching figure out of such material? Granted these premises, Mr. Stack does marvels, for his pastor is both dignified and touching. But if he had treated Heffterdingk as a normal human being in spite of his black coat, he would have found the task easier, and the last shreds of affectation, which the character in no way demands, might have been sent flying. Miss Lila Maravan, as the effaced sister Marie, gave a beautiful and simple performance, which would have been more noticeable if it had not been so loyally effaced.

D. L. M.



